

(1)  
THE  
*B R I T O N.*  
A  
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL  
IN  
*D R U R Y - L A N E.*  
BY  
His Majesty's Servants.

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By Mr. *P H I L I P S.*

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The THIRD EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. WOODWARD at the *Half-Moon*  
over-against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleet-*  
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M.DCC.XXV.

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BRITON  
A  
TRAGEDY.

THEATRE ROYAL  
DURHAM



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By Mr. P. HILL.

The Third Edition.

LONDON:

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W. J. WATSON, 10, St. Dunstons, Church Lane, London, E.C. 4.  
M.DCCC.LII.



To the Right Honourable the

COUNTESS  
COWPER.



W H I L E my Lord  
*Cowper's* Thoughts are  
intent, (as they have  
been, many Years) on the  
Good of his Countrey; I know  
Your Ladyship delights in Read-

## *The Dedication.*

ing; as often as the Care of Your Family, and the Ceremonies of Life, allow You Leisure for an Amusement, too Elegant to become Fashionable. The Two young Ladies, likewise, emulating the Accomplishments of their Mother, are sensible of the Advantages, arising from the early Use of Books; which give such a Bloom to the Mind, as the Prime of Beauty discloses in the Features. Had I, therefore, been able to make this Tragedy (which, I humbly request,



## *The Dedication.*

quest, may appear under Your Ladyship's Protection) as Compleat, as it is Innocent ; It might have proved a lasting Testimony of my sincerest Acknowledgments for such Obligations, as I can never forget, nor disown.

I have had the Honour, though I live concealed in the utmost Privacy of Life, long to enjoy Your Ladyship's Favour. If You are pleased to pardon this publick Declaration of my Gratitude ; what has been the secret Boast of my Heart, will, hence-  
A 3 forward,

## *The Dedication.*

forward, turn to my greatest  
Reputation.

*I am,*

*With the greatest Respect,*

M A D A M,

Your L A D Y S H I P ' S

*most Obligated,*

*most Humble, and*

*most Obedient Servant,*

AMBR. PHILIPS.



PRO-



# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.



*VERTUES, and Vices, are to Realms  
confin'd:*

*And, Climates give a Tincture to the  
Mind.*

*Still This, or That, Peculiar Inclination  
Remains, Unalter'd; --- and denotes a Nation.  
Thus Rivers flow; thus Mountains, ever, stand;  
The Marks, through every Age, of every Land.*

*Britons, you'll see, when Vanoc comes before yee,  
The Love of Freedom is your ancient Glory.  
The Romans, first, this Native Vertue broke;  
Made us Polite; --- and bow'd us to the Yoke.  
The Saxons, then, Unpolish'd, --- greatly Rude,  
Strangers to Luxury, --- and Servitude,  
Reviv'd the British Manliness of Soul,  
That spurns at Tyranny, nor brookes Controul.*

## PROLOGUE.

*In Time, another Set of Romans came;  
And brought worse Slavery:-- Though they chang'd  
the Name:*

*Tamed us with Luxuries of a different Kind;  
And made plain Truth distasteful to the Mind.*

*By Nassaw's Aid, at last, we drive Them, hence;  
And, once again, return to common Sense.  
In Britain, ever may It keep Possession!  
Etabliss'd, by the Protestant Succession.*

*Blest in a Prince, whose high-traced Lineage  
springs  
From the famed Race of our Old Saxon Kings;  
Our Zeal for Liberty we safely, own:---  
He makes it the firm Basis of his Throne.*

*Remember, then, the Dangers, you have past:---  
And, let your Earliest Virtue --- be your Last.*



EPI-





## EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.



*HAT Tragick Bustle in this British Play! —*

*But, — I am told, 'tis writ the ancient Way.*

*Nay; — That it is not Modern, is plain Fact: —*

*There's not one Simile, — to close an Act.*

*But, let me see: — What other Art is wanting? —*

*In Tragedy, there ought to be some Ranting:*

*Something, so Exquisite; — so very Good; —*

*It cannot, possibly, be understood!*

*But, Gwendolen's hard Fate I censure, most. —*

*The blooming Princess, — Fair, — as any Toast;*

*Captive to Valens; Yvor's promis'd Bride;*

*Between Two, bashful Knights, --- a Virgin died.*

*Thre'*

## EPILOGUE.

*Three Hours, unblest, — with an Italian, pass'd!  
No warbling Lover could have been more chaste. —  
Our keener Sportsmen would have seiz'd the  
Quarry: —*

*But, thus it is, — when Men design — to marry.*

*Still harder Fate! — If Druid-Songs be true,  
She must, — for ever! — Her first Flame renew.  
Such monstrous Constancy let Heathen Schools  
Injoyn: — We, Christian Maids, are no such Fools.  
One Month, — at most, — we can a Husband bear: —  
There's not Two Honey-Moons, in any Year.*

*Then; what a Brute is Vanoc! — What a Pot-  
ther! —*

*How could she help it, if — she lov'd another?  
Poor Cartifmand! — There's not a Man, — now  
living,  
But would have seem'd, at least, far more for-  
giving.*

*What? — Not connive at One? — or Two? — or  
Three? —*

*Well! — Britain never, till of late, was Free!  
How would his British Blood be set a madding!  
Had he, in Masquerades beheld her, gadding!*

*But,*

## EPILOGUE.

*But, why does Velloca not, once, appear?  
He was a pretty Fellow! — you may swear!  
And, what though Vanoc says, He could not fight?  
Is that the Way to do a Lady, Right?  
Since those rude Times, Husbands are more discreet,  
And know their Cue, to wink at — what is meet.  
Then, take us as we are.—'Tis no great Matter:—  
For Women will be frail, while Men can flatter.*



Dramatis

# The Persons of the Play.

## M E N.

<i>Didius</i> , the Roman General,	Mr. <i>Thurmond</i> .
<i>Valens</i> , a Roman Tribune,	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Vanoc</i> , Prince of the <i>Cornavians</i> , Husband to <i>Cartismand</i> ,	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Tvor</i> , Prince of the <i>Silurians</i> , betrothed to <i>Gwendolen</i> ,	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Idwall</i> , an Officer under <i>Cartismand</i> ,	Mr. <i>W. Mills</i> .
<i>Alan</i> , chief Officer under <i>Tvor</i> ,	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Ebranc</i> , an old Officer, under <i>Vanoc</i> ,	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
A Messenger,	Mr. <i>Roberts</i> .

## W O M E N.

<i>Cartismand</i> , Queen of the <i>Brigantians</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Gwendolen</i> , Daughter to <i>Vanoc</i> , by his first Wife.	Mrs. <i>Booth</i> .

Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE *part in the Roman Camp,*  
*part in Vanoc's Palace.*

DISMISSED

THE





THE  
BRITON.



ACT I. SCENE I.  
SCENE, *the Pavilion of the  
General, in the Roman Camp.*

Valens *and* Didius.

VALENS.



O W, *Didius*, shall a Roman, fore re-  
puls'd,

Greet your Arrival to this distant  
Isle?

How bid you Welcome to these shat-  
ter'd Legions?

*Did.* Scarce had I scaped the Perils of the Deep,  
Thrown, by a Tempest, on the Rocky Coast;

B

Ere

## 2      *The* BRITON

Ere the unwelcome News of your Defeat  
Had reach'd my Ears. — But, *Valens*, bear a Heart!  
Remember still, the *Roman* Vertue scorns  
A cheap Renown; a Triumph, without Toil.

*Val.* Such easy Purchase, here, you shall not find.  
The brave *Ostorius*, our late General,  
In War experienc'd; to Fatigues inur'd;  
Impair'd by Wounds, and the slow waste of Years;  
Despairing to subdue these hardy *Britons*,  
Died with his Laurels blasted on his Brow.

*Did.* No sooner was his Death to *Rome* convey'd,  
Than I petition'd to command in *Britain*.  
*Claudius* approv'd my Zeal; and bade me speed  
To tame *Barbarians*, and assert his Empire.

*Val.* May *Jove*, the Guardian of the *Capitol*,  
He, the great *Stayer* of our Troops in Rout,  
Fulfill your Hopes, and animate the Cohorts!

*Did.* At *Rome*, indeed, the *Britons* are allow'd  
To dare in War; — perhaps, even more than *Romans*:  
And *Caradoc*, their captive Chief, was prais'd.  
As a rough Warriour, of undaunted Boldness.

*Val.* Oh, *Didius*, had you prov'd their martial Rage;  
The desperate Fury of their wild Assault! —  
Not *Scythians*, not fierce *Dacians*, onward rush  
With half the speed: — Nor, half so swift retreat.  
In Chariots, fang'd with Scythes, they scour the Field;  
Drive through our wedged Batalions with a Whirl;  
And strew a dreadful Harvest on the Plain.

*Did.*

The BRITON. 3

*Did.* But Conduct overcomes the forward Foe:  
And *Fabius*, under Disappointments patient,  
Taught *Romans*, first, to conquer by Delay.

Now, to the Business, *Valens*: — Since, from you,  
As foremost Tribune of the Soldiers here,  
Do I, your General, expect my Knowledge.  
Instruct me; whence this Uproar, through the Land:  
And, wherefore *Vanoc*; the sworn Friend to *Rome*,  
(For, so our Emperour esteem'd this Prince)  
Why he should spurn against our Rule; and stir  
The Tributary Provinces to War.

*Val.* You must have heard of *Cartismand*. —

*Did.* You mean,  
The wealthy Queen; — our powerful Allie,  
Who gave up *Caradoc*?

*Val.* A Female Warriour:  
Queen of the *Brigantians*. — Her did *Vanoc*,  
Prince of the *Cornavians*, wed — A Contract,  
More in Ambition founded, than in Love.  
While this Alliance held, we stood secure.  
But, *Cartismand*, miss-led by fond desire,  
Provokes a Husband, jealous of his Honour.  
Unable, longer, to conceal her Flame,  
And fearing Vengeance, gathering to a Storm;  
She crowns her Lover: Takes him to her Bed,  
By solemn Nuptials: And, defying *Vanoc*,  
Attempts, by War, to vindicate her Choice.

*Did.* But, how are We concern'd in this Debate?  
This private Jar?

*Val.* I hasten to the Point.

One Battle — (Yes; — a Skirmish, more there was)  
With adverse Fortune fought, by *Cartismand*;  
Her Subjects, most, revolt: — Distress'd; pursu'd;  
She begs Protection from the *Roman* Arms:  
And vows perpetual Homage, for the Service.

*Ostorius* interposed — No Terms of Peace  
Would satisfy the Conquerour. — Then we,  
To balance *Vanoc's* Power, receive the Queen;  
And aid her to sustain unequal War.

*Did.* And can we not intreat this angry Prince?

*Val.* Oh, that you might! — — — yet, old *Ostorius* fail'd.

*Did.* By Promises, suspend his Rage, a while?

*Val.* What Offers would he not reject, from *Romans*!

Did you know him; — (I have known him long)  
You would not wish to count this Man a Foe! —  
In Friendship, and in Hatred, obstinate;  
Provok'd with Ease; as hard to reconcile:  
In Justice rigid; in Resentment warm;  
Punctual, alike, to punish, or reward:  
A wilful, hasty; — But, a gallant *Briton*!

*Did.* Such *Hannibal* appear'd: — Yet *Hannibal*  
Was overthrown: — Impatient *Hannibal*!

But, Tribune, who approaches our Pavilion? —  
Behold, a Glare of Light shines through the Dusk.  
This way it moves.

*Val.* The *British* Queen. —

*Did.* Our Part

It was, in Courtesy to be the foremost.

The best Amends will be, that I receive



This Interview in private. — *Valens* ; anon  
We must have farther Talk.



SCENE II.

Didius, Cartifmand.

*Did.* Madam, I blush,  
That you should, thus, anticipate my Purpose.

*Cart.* Alas, a Woman, overborn by Wrongs.  
A Queen, reduced to supplicate Relief,  
Lays all the Pride of Majesty aside;  
Humbles her Thoughts ; and stoops to her Condition.

*Did.* But Greatness, in Distress, claims most Respect ;  
An awful Pity, in a *Roman* Breast.

*Cart.* If royal Lineage ; if distinguish'd Blood,  
Down from an ancient Race of potent Kings ;  
Now treasur'd in my Veins : — Now boiling high  
With Injuries ; — with Outrages ! — that burn,  
That set the very suffering Soul on Fire ! —

Oh, General ! — Excuse this Burst of Tears.

*Did.* Princess, assuage this Vehemence of Anguish —  
I come, ambitious to support your Cause.

*Cart.* My Cause ! — It is the Cause of *Rome* ! — should  
That unforgiving *Vanoc* ! once prevail ; [ *Vanoc*,  
The *Roman* Name is lost. — This bold Attempt  
Shakes the Foundations of your Master's Empire.

If Britons, with Impunity, rebell;  
 Will other Nations not renounce his Sway?  
 What Leagues will not be form'd! — If his Allies  
 Are known to suffer; — (as it will be known) —  
 His most avow'd Allies! — What suppliant Prince  
 Shall sue to *Claudius* for a vain Protection?  
 Who dread his Enmity?

*Did.* Dismiss your Fears.

*Rome* will uphold her Friends. — In such a Cause,  
 She neither counts her Blood, or Treasure, lavish'd.

Not to recal in other Lands Exploits,  
 That signalize our Faith; — Your Ancestor  
 (I think, his Name was *Mandubrace*) who fled  
 To *Gaul*, imploring Aid from *Caesar*,  
 Was to his Realm, by *Caesar's* Arms, restor'd;  
 When, last, he enterpriz'd on this new World.

*Cart.* Still may you prove the Terror of your Foes;  
 The Bulwark of your firm Allies: And, still  
 Teach Traitors to repent of faithless Leagues.  
 My Faith you cannot doubt: — Witness *Caradoc*. —

Oh that, like him, proud *Vanoc* were my Spoil!  
 To give to *Claudius*, yet, one Triumph more.

A Tributary Crown with him I love,  
 With *Vellocad*, who best deserves my Love,  
 Is all I ask, to recompence my Faith.

He is my Lord: — The chosen of my Heart!  
 The Man, who sympathiz'd in all my Sufferings;  
 The Man, who brav'd the Tyrant's jealous Rage;  
 Who eas'd me of a Yoke, too rude to bear! —  
 With him I vow'd to live; — with him to die,

This

## The BRITON.

7

This, *Didius*, is the whole of my Ambition.

*Did.* Your Injuries had you, a while, dissembled, —

*Cart.* That is an Art, we *Britons* are to learn.

Divided from those Climes where Art prevails;  
Undisciplin'd by Precepts of the Wise;

Our inborn Passions will not brook Controul.

We follow Nature, in her strong Desires;

Our Joys, our Griefs, our Pleasures, and our Pains,  
Alike sincere, admit of no Disguise.

Our Words declare, our very Looks betray,  
The Feelings of the Soul; the Workings of the Heart!  
Still happy, or still wretched, in Excess.

*Did.* We *Romans* should prefer the Golden Mean:  
And choose to steer, through Life, with gentle Gales.

*Cart.* We, too, would choose, did Nature give us  
Choice! —

But, Sir, I should inform you; now our Hopes,  
From their low Ebb, begin to rise. — Your Presence  
(Not granted, yet, untimely) will inspire  
New Courage; and retrieve what *Valens* lost,

Already do the Soldiers, in your Name,  
From Tent to Tent, each animate his Fellow;  
And promise Vengeance to the hoary Shade  
Of brave *Ostorius*.

*Did.* Just to his Renown,  
The Senate had decreed (not so, the Gods!)  
To cheer his Age; to sooth his long Fatigues,  
And close his restless Warfare, in a Triumph.

*Cart.*

*Cart.* His Memory now, committed to your Care,  
Be greatly Pious to the worthy dead! —  
Nor shall you want Assistance.

*Did.* Generous Queen;  
His Ashes be my Trust. In a strange Land  
His *Manes* shall not wander, unappeas'd.

*Cart.* Too long, already, Vengeance is delay'd, —  
Oh, give the Spirit of *Ostorius* Rest!  
The Spoils of *Vanoc*, he demands, — from you: —  
*Vanoc*, alone, can furnish out his Trophy!  
*Vanoc*, whose Breach of Faith, and foul Rebellion,  
Opprest the Aged with a Weight of Sorrow.

*Did.* So, all yee Powers, propitious prove to me,  
As I avenge this much dishonour'd Shade!

*Cart.* Soon shall you stand acquitted of your Vow.  
This Night; — This instant Hour, my *Vellocad*  
(To whom your Emperour's Glory is most dear)  
Comes with Auxiliaries: — Hence, far Northward:  
A swarm of *Caledonians*; huge-limb'd Warriours;  
Who weild, with sinewy Arm, a deadly Sword,  
And fight, secure, behind the seven-fold Target.

*Did.* But, how may *Vellocad* conceal their March?  
Or, need we send out Forces to protect them?

*Cart.* This woody Forest, that divides the Camps,  
A Length of Shelter, covers their Approach.

Mean time, the vain Usurper, in my Palace,  
Prepares his Daughter's Nuptials: nor suspects  
These distant Aids. — But, *Didius*, we shall call  
The Bridegroom forth, before the appointed Hour!

*Did.* And pacify the slaughter'd Sons of Rome!

*Cart.*



## The BRITON. ,

*Cart.* And blot the Name of *Vanoc* out of Life !  
His Brother died my Prisoner? — Nor shall Himself,  
Nor shall his *Gwendolen*, — his Daughter dear !  
Survive, to lengthen out his hated Race,  
And nurse a Brood of Traitors in my Realms.  
But see where *Idwall* speeds: — A trusty Soldier;  
A loyal Subject ; — not unknown to *Valens*.



### SCENE III.

Didius, Cartilmand, Idwall.

*Id.* Madam, the bidden Guests are come. — They wait  
Impatient to salute their General.

*Cart.* Your Captains, Sir. — Within my humble Tent  
They wait. — The good *Ostorius* often deigned  
To grace my slender Table with his Presence:  
There shall you find your Friends; with truest Welcome  
To such coarse Fare, as this rude Land affords.

*Did.* Still, Princess, you out-go my Courtesy.

*Cart.* Ere half the Night shall waste, my absent Lord  
Will bid you Welcome.

*Did.* I should speak to *Valens*.

*Cart.* *Idwall*; do you expect him, here: — He, too,  
Must be our Guest. — Intreat him not to fail.

10      *The* BRITON.

*Did.* By the Result of what your Queen imparts,  
I shall have Orders for him; — of Importance.  
Let him not fail me, *Idwall*.

*Cart.* Let him bring.  
The Map, *Ostorius* traced. — It shews his Marches;  
His several Camps; and Posture of the Island.

*Did.* A Care well worthy of a *Roman* Soldier. —  
Now, Madam, I attend you.

*Cart.* This Way, Sir.  
Behold, the Moon shines on the pearly Dews;  
And, through the Night, directs the advancing Troops.



SCENE IV.

*Idwall.*

Prompted at once by Vengeance and by Love.  
What will not Woman dare? — O *Cartismand*!  
Adventurous Princess! — Boldness be thy Praise;  
Thy Refuge, now: Thy Title to the Crown! —  
No cool Advice; no Caution will avail:  
Rashness is Prudence in a desperate Cause! —  
The Sword, alone, can justify thy Passion.

If, in good Piight, these Northern *Kerns* arrive,  
Then, *Vellokad*, does Fortune promise fair;  
And give at least, one trying Battle more.  
This is the utmost Effort of thy Queen;

Her

Her last surviving Hope.—If we succeed! —  
And yet; while this high-mettled *Varoc* lives,  
The *Romans* never shall have Peace in *Britain*;  
Nor *Cartismand* be rescued from Alarms.



SCENE V.

Idwall, Valens.

*Id. Valens*, you come in Time,

*Val.* In search of you,  
Have I employ'd my Absence.

*Id.* The General

Is the Queen's Guest : — Nor are you un-invited.

I was enjoined to wait, and bring you to them.

They want — a Map —

*Val.* The Draught *Ostorius* made?

*Id.* The same.

*Val.* This very Parchment Roll : — Whereby

I meant to point the Countrey out.

*Id.* You hear,

The *Caledonian* Succours are at Hand?

*Val.* Within some Furlongs of the Forest's Shelter.

*Id.* Your new Commander need not pine for Action.

Before to Morrow's Sun shall gain the Pitch

Of Noon, we may controul the Pride of *Varoc* ;

Restore the Queen; retrieve your late Defeat;

And turn their purpos'd Revels into Mourning.

Then

Then, *Valens*, shall fair *Gwendolen* be thine;  
Thy Captive Prize; the Servant of thy Will:  
And satisfy the Longings of thy Soul?

*Val.* Thou, *Idwall*, dost not know, how *Valens* loves:  
Nor feel the Power of such excelling Beauty! —

I would not triumph over *Gwendolen*:  
Nor make her mine, against her free Consent.

There was a Time, before her injur'd Sire  
Declar'd perpetual Enmity to *Rome*;  
A Time there was! — when *Valens* lov'd in Hope.  
But, tho' my Hopes are fled, — my Love remains.

No, *Idwall*; no! — The Princess must be happy:  
Or, I be doubly wretched, in her Sufferings.

*Id.* But I would urge, the Mischiefs, to ensue,  
Should this Alliance be confirm'd by Marriage.  
Consider, *Valens*, —

*Val.* I foresee the Ruin.

I know, that *Yvor*, the *Silurian* Prince,  
Who weds, — who merits, — But, I merit too! —  
If Services, if Faith, if Love can merit: —  
A Love so pure! Debas'd by no Alloy:  
A Passion, that pursues no other Bliss,  
Save the Felicity of Her, I love —  
Only I wish, fair *Gwendolen* might find  
(Oh Heavens!) that fond Felicity in me!

She is my Claim. — Her Father's Promises  
Have made her mine: Nor have I forfeited,  
Nor will I ever forfeit *Gwendolen*.

A Friend accounted long, I felt her Charms,  
When *Yvor* was a Stranger to her Thoughts:

And



*The* BRITON. 13

When *Vanoc* had not, yet, espous'd your Queen:  
And she, then Heiress to no large Dominion,  
Might not disdain to wed a *Roman* Tribune.

*Id.* Still, I remind you of the growing Power,  
That threatens us; that threatens you, in *Yvor*.

*Val.* I know, he rules an untam'd, Mountain Race;  
A Nation walled, on every Side, with Rocks:  
A fiery People; desperate Foes to *Rome*;  
Whom Dangers only kindle into Rage.

I know this strict Alliance, fought by *Vanoc*,  
Unites three bordering Nations in his Cause.

*Id.* The *Brigants*, the *Cornavians*, the *Silurians*!

Nor will the *Trimobants*, your old Allies,  
Your Tributaries, be enabled, long,  
To stand against this formidable Union.

Vain is your Triumph over *Caradoc*;  
If this *Cornavian*, a more vengeful Foe,  
Surpasses him in Power, as much as Will.

*Val.* Now, *Didius* governs here, to him belongs  
The Conduct of the War. — Let him command,  
And I obey. — This, *Idwall*, is my Duty.  
And yet, I grieve at this untoward Quarrel:  
For *Rome*, and for myself, I grieve: — And wish,  
We had, at least, a fairer Shew of Justice.

*Id.* An idle Wish! Princes and States, you know,  
Approve their Actions by Success. — Nor you,  
Nor we have other Hope. — The Contest, *Valens*,  
Is now, not who shall reign; but, who shall live:  
And whether (if the Queen be overthrown)  
The *Romans* shall be mark'd for Slaves in *Britain*;

Or perish, by the *Druids* Hands, in Flames,  
 And give their Entrails to the searching Knife.  
 A Message, from the Queen.



## S C E N E VI.

Idwall, Valens, *a Messenger.*

*Id.* We come, Centurion. —

*Val.* He bears some earnest Purpose in his Looks.

*Mess.* The Queen is apprehensive for the Succours.

A Scout informs her, that the Enemy  
 Prepare an Ambush: — A Body, far advanced,  
 Marches, in Silence, close behind the Wood. —  
 He takes them for *Silurians*; — *Yvor's* Men.

*Id.* We come this Instant.



## S C E N E VII.

Idwall, Valens.

*Id.* This restless Vigilance,  
 This active Soul of *Vanoc*, will undo us !

*Val.* Come, *Idwall* ! — Now my Heart revives ; and I  
 Take Courage from Despair. If *Yvor* leads

This

This Enterprize; Then, *Didius*, send Me forth,  
To meet my Rival. — Ere the Dawn appears,  
Or He, or I may fall.

*Id.* Now is your Time,  
To save the *Romans*, and to win the Fair.  
Should you succeed! — Tho' *Gwendolen*, a while,  
May grieve: — Yet Womens Grief is transient;  
And they soon learn to love the Fortunate.

*Val.* O *Venus*, Parent of the *Roman* Line,  
Delight of Gods; the Luxury of Men!  
Attend my Vow. — As in the *Cyprian* Isle,  
In *Britain* will I make thy Worship known.  
Accept my Piety to raise thy Shrine; —  
And, in return, let *Gwendolen* be mine!

*The End of the first Act.*

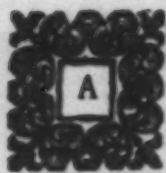




## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in the Palace  
of Vanoc.*

*Vanoc alone.*



BOVE the Mountain Tops, the ruddy Sun  
Breaks through the Mists; and dims the  
Moon. — Ere now,

Has *Tvor* try'd these Northern Blades. —  
And yet,

My busy Thought is doubtful of the Event.

His Life would be too dear a Price for Conquest :  
Since my lov'd Daughter, Darling of my Soul!  
Will claim that Life. — Oh, *Gwendolen*, my Child ;  
My only Comfort; thy fond Mother's Pledge ;  
For Thee, for *Tvor*, is thy Father anxious !

Ye Guardian Powers! — And, chiefly, O *Adrasle* ;  
Virgin Goddess! — Thou Renown of *Britain* ;  
With Spear and Helmet, terrible in War !

Grant



Grant me this Victory ; — And, here, I vow,  
Before the Day, scarce yet begun, shall close,  
To flood thy Temple-Court with *Roman* Blood.  
What hasty Steps? —



SCENE II.

Vanoc, Alan.

*Van.* *Alan*, where is your Prince?

*Alan.* He lives! —

*Van.* The *Caledonians*? — Say, *Silurian*.

*Alan.* May every Day, to *Vanoc*, prove like this!

*Van.* Are they defeated, then?

*Alan.* He bade me fly,

To bear the Victory: — While I (said he)  
Pursue the Rout; the Gleanings of the Battle.

*Van.* Thanks to our Gods! — But, how? — Inform  
me, *Alan*.

*Alan.* The Noon of Night, was past, before we reach'd  
Our Place of Ambush. — Where the Forest ends,  
We range, in Covert. — When, anon, the Foe  
Came, dreadful, o'er the level Swart, that lies  
Between the Wood and the swift-streaming *Onse*.

The Signal given, we rush, in three Divisions;  
Lancing a Storm of Spears:—The Van, the Rear,  
Attack; while *Yvor* rages on the Center.

Our Onset fierce; the Conflict was not long,  
Ere the disorder'd Hoast gave Ground.—Onward  
We press; and urge them to the Margin of the Flood.

This Peril forced them to resist, a while:—  
Still, on we press; and, here, renew the Carnage,  
So great! that, in the Stream, the Moon shew'd Purple.

Some drown; more perish by the Sword. The rest,  
A flying Remnant, *Yvor* will account for.

*Van.* Now, vile Adulterers!—Now, ye base Up-  
holders,

Hard'ned Approvers, of a Woman's Shame!—  
Where, now, your impious Hopes?—What Refuge, now,  
From our just Vengeance?—From the Wrath of Heaven:

Have I not sworn Destruction on your Heads?  
And should my Heart relent;—no;—if I do;  
Then *Vanoc* is the Abettor of your Crimes!—

*Alan*;—thy Master is a worthy Prince!—  
He hates these *Romans*.—An intire Defeat;  
You say?—A Slaughter?—

Should this *Diaius* dare;  
This new Commander; sent to awe our People;  
Once dare to draw a Sword for *Cartismand*,  
And interfere in my domestick Wrongs;  
Or, put a Stop to Justice,—but a Moment:—  
Nay, if he give not up my Infamy,—  
My whole Reproach, to speedy Punishment;  
To Death!—Her, and the Traytour *Velloed*:—

Nor

Nor will I bate a single Life; — not a Soul,  
Obnoxious to the Forfeit of their Treason! —  
But; my Daughter: — I blame not her Impatience.



S C E N E III.

Vanoc, Alan, Gwendolen.

*Van.* Come my dear Child, my *Gwendolen*; and share  
Thy Father's Joys! — *Yvor* returns victorious!

*Gwen.* Then, am I over-paid, for every Care,  
For every Fear, that kept my Heart awake.

*Van.* Nay, and thou shalt have large Amends! I  
promise! —

Amends, for every silent, bitter Tear,  
Wrung from thy gentle Nature, much abus'd.

Think'st thou, that I forget the waspish Moods  
Of that imperious Step-Dame, to my Child? —  
An unchaste, barren Wife! — Who never felt  
A Parent's Yearnings. — Had thy Mother liv'd!

How often do I weep, beholding thee! —  
In Thee she lives. But, thou wast not of Years  
To wear the dear Remembrance, I must cherish.

How will it please the watchful, lovely Shade,  
That keeps my Couch, and blesses all my Dreams,  
To see my Justice on the shameless Creature;  
And find Thee flourish under *Yvor's* Care!

*Gwen*

*Gwen.* Since you are pleas'd to authorize my Love,  
I need not blush to own it, Sir; nor doubt  
The Truth of Him, who merits your Esteem.

*Van.* He loves thee, *Gwendolen* : — My word, he does.  
He has not learnt Deceit; the *Roman* Breeding!  
To speak kind Words to every handsome Face,  
And snare the Innocent. — But, I waste Time. —

*Alan* will entertain thee with his Valour;  
While I prepare Dispatches, to convey  
Our new Success Southward, through all the States :  
That every Tributary Town may arm,  
And drive, with one Consent, these Inmates, hence.



## SCENE IV.

*Gwendolen, Alan.*

*Gwen.* Good *Alan*, give me Ease! — Thou art no  
Stranger?

Thou know'st my Passion. — Is thy Master safe?

*Alan.* All Danger had he vanquish'd; When I came,  
By his Command, to let you know, he liv'd.

*Gwen.* And yet, ere now, some random Death; —  
Who knows!

Why came he not himself?

*Alan.* He loves to fight  
His Battles out : — The first to draw, the last  
To sheath his Sword.

*Gwen.*



*Gwen.* Now, fie upon this Manhood! —  
Is he not hurt?

*Alan.* A little out of Breath,  
Perhaps. —

*Gwen.* Wounded, I mean. — Come, do not trifle.

*Alan.* His Helmet, I confess, is sorely dented:

*Gwen.* Ah, me! —

*Alan.* But, Madam; not a Limb, a Finger,  
Has suffer'd in the Fray. — I left him, whole;  
Driving the scatter'd Rout: Northward, they fled.

*Gwen.* Would it were done! — Indeed, I cannot bear  
To love at such Expence. — He must be chid. —

Return, Brave Prince! — Thy Chariot-Wheels are  
swift:

Oh, wherefore do they tarry? — *Alan*, send;  
Dispatch, — Nay, go thyself. — It is an Age,  
Since thou hast seen, — may I not say, — my Husband! —  
Be gone! —

*Alan.* A little Patience; and, he comes.

*Gwen.* In other things, I can, I will have Patience.

*Alan*, be gone! — I want, still, fresh Assurance;  
Each Moment, I want Tydings of his Health.

*Alan.* Hark! — Madam, he comes! —

*Gwen.* Perhaps; — Oh Heaven! —

And yet, — It is; — It must be Yvor.

*Alan.* Yes! —

It is the Prince! — Now, in the Palace-Court,  
The Chariot sounds: — I know his high Career

*Gwen.* Oh step, — Look out; — See, *Alan*! —

*Alan*

*Alan.* Here, he comes! —

*Gwen.* The Prince? — Oh, where? — It is the Prince, indeed!



## SCENE V.

Gwendolen, Alan, Yvor.

*Yvor.* My Gwendolen! — My Idol! — O, my Life! —

*Gwen.* My Prince! —

*Yvor.* On Wheels of Speed I drove, to find  
My Love! — The Treasure of my Sou! — Look up! —  
What? — Speechless! And in Tears! — Speak, —

*Gwen.* Oh, my Joy! —

*Yvor.* Such Welcome give me, ever!

*Gwen.* Such receive! —

A Joy, I cannot; nay, I would not hide!

*Yvor.* Transporting Language! — Oh, my Rapture! — How

Shall Yvor, blest above Mankind, repay  
This Tenderness; this undisguis'd Affection!

*Alan.* Had you, Sir, been, another Minute, absent;  
I question, if the Princess had forgiven —

*Gwen.* Yes, *Alan*! — I remember not my Fears.

*Yvor.* Go to the Camp, good *Alan*: See my Men  
Be well refresh'd. — Indeed, they fought it bravely!  
Gallant Lads! — And, *Alan*; — Let the Booty

Be shar'd, to every Man, with equal Hand. —  
 And, — say to *Ebranc*; I desire to see him.  
 The King must know the Merits of his Age.  
*Alan*. O, Fortunate *Silurians*! — Happy Prince!



SCENE VI.

Gwendolen, Yvor.

*Yvor*. Now my fair *Gwendolen*; —

*Gwen*. My plighted Lord!

*Yvor*. The Buffle of the Day is at an end.

My Eyes, my Thoughts, are wholly bent on thee.

*Gwen*. I pray you, fight no more. — Indeed, you  
 shall not.

*Yvor*. For thee, my Bliss, and for thine injur'd Sire,  
 And for my Countrey, do I draw my Sword.

But, so doest thou prevail within my Heart,  
 That I am listless grown to Feats of War. —  
 Thou mak'st me fearful, in the Heat of Battle!

*Gwen*. You purchase all your Glory with my Quiet.  
 Think, while you stand, distinguish'd, in the Field;  
 The Wounds, the Deaths, the Dangers, the Fatigues,  
 Are mine, alone! — And *Gwendolen* must grieve,  
 Or *Yvor* cannot triumph.

*Yvor*. Thou shalt not grieve. —  
 We shall have Peace: — We shall have lasting Joys!

The

The *Bards* shall sing adventurous Deeds, no more,  
But tune their Harps to Love: — to *Gwendolen*;  
Fairest Lilly; my Delight; my Glory! —

I could, my self, transported with the Theme,  
Joyn in the Song; and descant on thy Charms!

*Gwen.* That I am yours, my Prince, in Faith, in Duty;  
Yours, by my Choice, and by my Father's Will;  
That I am wholly yours, in every Thought,  
In every Word, and Deed; and yours, for Life;  
This, my Loved *Yvor*, is my vertuous Pride;  
My Merit; my Distinction among Women!

*Yvor.* This Day the *Druids* joyn our Hands: — our Souls.  
In mutual Raptures, are for ever joyn'd.

Passing from Life to Life, we rise in Bliss! —  
Age after Age, till Time shall be no more,  
The whole Succession of the Sun and Moon;  
A long, long Period (so our Sages teach)  
Have we to count; renewing, still, our Love,  
When, our whole measur'd Course of Vertue finish'd,  
We reign, immortal, with the Heavenly Powers.

*Gwen.* Delightful Prospect; bounteous Recom-  
pence! —

No Piety, no Vertue, shall my Soul  
Leave unessay'd; lest, by my rash Neglect,  
Some Failure of my Will, I forfeit *Yvor*.

*Yvor.* Oh my sweet *Gwendolen*; my gentle Spouse;  
My Pledge of Happiness; my whole Reward: —  
What Language shall I find! — But, Language can-  
not: —

Judge, by thy self, the Fondness of my Heart!

*Gwen.* I judge it equal to my own! —

*Yvor.*



*Ror.* If, what

Is boundless, can be equal'd! — Oh my Queen! —  
 Sure, thou wast born the Sovereign of my Soul! —  
 Sovereign of every Power, that *Ror* claims.  
 My People shall be thine: Thy Will obey;  
 Thy gentle Will; and wait upon thy Smiles.

Thou hast not seen (my Love) thy Rule; thy Dow'ry;  
 My Native Land: Where *Romans* never enter'd.  
 A Countrey, bounded by the swelling *Severn*;  
 That, often rising into sudden Rage,  
 Takes in an hundred Torrents to her Stream:  
 By Nature fenced; the Refuge of the *Britons*.  
 There shall thine Eye behold stupendous Hills,  
 Green with high Groves, that wave within the Clouds;  
 And gushing Waters, foaming down the Rocks;  
 And limpid Brooks, that wind through fruitful Vallies,  
 Deep-shelter'd from the Winds, that blast the Plains.

*Gwen.* Or there, my Prince, or here, or any where,  
 Shall I be happy, still possessing you.

*Ror.* There shall our youthful Progeny rejoice;  
 And try their Limbs along the Mountain Brow;  
 And firm their Steps against the craggy Steep;  
 And prove their early Prowess on the Wolves:  
 That, ripe in Hardiness, they may oppose  
 These Strangers, who encroach upon our Rights;  
 And emulate thy Father's great Achievements.

*Gwen.* Behold, he comes. —

*Ror.* The Bulwark of the *Britons*!

*Gwen.* The most indulgent Father: —

*Ror.* Best of Friends.

D | SCENE



## S C E N E VII

Gwendolen, Yvor, Vanoc.

*Van.* Welcome, young Warriour; welcome to my Arms! —

Receive a Soldier's Thanks, a Soldier's Praise,  
In this Embrace. — Let *Romans* deal in Words;  
Be Eloquent, and Base! — Thou hast my Heart,  
With what I hold most dear; — my loving Child;  
My gentle Daughter.

*Yvor.* Lavish Recompence;  
Reward, beyond the Service of my Life!  
To which I plead no Merit, save my Love,  
And filial Duty. — When I fail, in either, —

*Van.* *Yvor*, I know thy Worth. — I answer for thee.  
My Daughter has an honest Man, and brave!  
A Prince, surpassing far yon Emperour;  
Who fights by Deputy: — A Pageant King! —  
But, here, he shall not rule. — Thy Victory  
Shall rouse the Provinces, that still regret  
Their ravish'd Liberties. — We have dispatch'd  
Swift Heralds, through the discontented States,  
Far as the Western Point, within the Sea.  
*Britons*, united, may defy the World!

The *Romans* would have War: And War they have  
And, they shall have their Fill. — While this right Hand  
Can poise a Spear, or sway a Sword; will I  
Infest, lay waste, root out those Colonies;  
Till we have clear'd this Isle of *Roman* Guests.

*Yvor.* Nor shall the *Roman*, feeble-sounding, Lyre  
Intice the flatter'd Ear to looser Loves:  
But, the full Tone of the melodious Harp  
Assist our Native *Bards* to carol, loud,  
Such Vertues, as are banish'd out of *Rome*.

*Van.* My haughty Dame, whom we have almost  
humbled,  
Was ravish'd with those Strangers; wanton Minstrels.  
Each Evening was this Hall profan'd with Warblings;  
Wont, heretofore, to eccho with the Praise  
Of just and wise, of great and warlike Worthies.

*Yvor.* You, only, can restore those vertuous Times.

*Van.* From the main Land, why are we set apart;  
Seated amidst the Waves; high-fenced by Cliffs;  
And blest with a delightful, fertile Soil?  
But that, indulgent Nature meant the *Britons*,  
A chosen People; a distinguish'd Race;  
A Nation, independent of the World:  
Whose Weal, whose Wisdom, it will ever be,  
Neither to Conquer, nor to suffer Conquest.  
Nor will we suffer it.

*Yvor.* Noble Resolve! —  
And *Britain* shall extol her great Deliverer.

*Gwen.* These desperate Toils renew my Fears.

What Comfort can I taste; while two such Lives,  
Shall lie expos'd? — Heaven give us Peace! —

*Van.* There spoke,

Thy Mother's tender Meekness. — Such her Voice;  
Such her surpassing Form: — Sweet-sounding Accent;  
O, ever-pleasing Features! How unlike  
That Male-Adulteress; — Blemish of her Sex!

Curled Ambition; that mis-led my Soul  
To wed the Mischief! — But, I will repay  
The Merits of her Guilt; and clear my Fame.  
The World shall own, and she shall feel, me just;  
Severely punctual! — Dost thou weep, my Child? —  
Thus, ever, when I buckle on my Helmet,  
Thy Fears afflict thee: — Yet I still return  
To disappoint thy Fears. — Be comforted: —  
We will not rashly play our Lives away;  
But purchase unmolested Peace; for thee,  
And for thy Children's Children. — *Yvor*, speak:  
Do thou, my Son, persuade her not to grieve.

*Yvor.* Thou hast no Cause, my *Gwendolen*, to fear.

This Enemy, that skulks behind the Wood,  
Encompass'd with their Mounds, has little Power,  
And, yet less Courage, to annoy us more.

Behold thy Father's Realms; see my Dominion:  
Our Sons shall rise, the Sovereigns of the whole!

*Gwen.* O, grant me humble Quiet, sweet Content,  
Ye Powers! — Ambition has no Charms, for me.

But, if it be my Royal Father's Will,  
And your Desire; my Heart shall not repine



At gilded Cares:—I will delight in Empire;  
And count Ambition in the Rank of Vertues.

*Yvor.* How Gentleness improves the Charms of Beauty!

*Van.* It is true Womanhood: A Wife's best Dowry.

*Yvor.* Here comes a Soldier, Sir, deserves your Notice.—  
Come forward, *Ebranc.*



S C E N E. VIII.

Gwendolen, Yvor, Vanoc, Ebranc.

*Ebranc.* I was sent by *Alan.*

I fear, I have presum'd, Sir,—

*Yvor.* Old, and Modest!

Let me, Sir, place this Man within your Eye.

Age has not chill'd his Blood, nor slack'd his Nerves.

When, from his Dint, the Foe still backward shrunk;

Wading within the *Ouse*, he dealt his Blows,

And sent them, rolling, to the Tiding *Humber.*

*Van.* I know his Merit.— Under *Caradoc*

He serv'd.—*Ebranc,* we will be mindful of thee.

Thy Modesty shall do thee no Disservice:—

It is a Virtue, of the Growth of *Britain.*—

Boasters, and Sycophants, come from abroad.

There stands the Prince:—I dare to vouch, he fought

His Share.—And yet, his Lips betray

No Circumstance.—*Ebranc;* did he not fight?

*Ebranc.* Were he not present, Sir, I could —

*Van.* Oh, Prince; —

That reddening Cheek forbids me to enquire,

A Roman Chief can write his own Exploits;

And swell his Actions, by the Pomp of Words.

*Cesar* has done it : — Shame upon the Boaster! —

He, that enslav'd his Fellow-Citizens.

*Ivor.* The Band, by *Ebranc* led, of stout *Cornavians*;

And my own Men, did, both, perform their Duty.

Indeed, it happen'd, in the Chance of Action,

That *Vellocad* was slain, by me.

*Gwen.* O, Fortunate!

*Van.* No, *Gwendolen*! — The Traytour should have liv'd!

Not, but that *Ivor* does deserve my Thanks.

He aim'd it well: And I commend his Valour.

But, still, the Traytour should have liv'd!

*Ivor.* Surpris'd

Into a Rage, I pierc'd —

*Van.* I know, thy honest Soul

Was earnest to avenge me. — But, he died

A Soldier's Death! — It will be said, he fought! —

But, he could never fight! — A Woman's Minion!

Oh, I had hoarded up such Store of Vengeance!

For Her, for Him, that, lengthening out their Woes,

I might, on Both, enjoy my whole Revenge! —

Let not his Carcass, *Ebranc*, have a Burial:

Cast it to Dogs. — Torment his very Ghost! —

That I could bring the Caitiff back, to Life!

To a quick Sense of Torture! — But, the Gods,

The righteous, ever-living, Powers avenge me! —

They

They punish home! — They can prolong his Doom;  
And through a thousand Lives pursue the Offender.

*Yvor.* Your Indignation is most just.

*Van.* It rises

Poorly: — Short of my Wrongs! — Herein, my Wrath  
Can not exceed! — 'Tis, all, but Moderation.

Forbearing, as my Dove-like Daughter is;  
She could not brook such Usage. — What? My Servant?  
Bred, from a Child, to tremble at my Frown:  
My Slave, who bore my Harnes to the Field,  
And stood aloof, the Witness of my Toils;  
Thus to presume! — Thus to abuse my Favour!

But, to the *Romans* do we owe his Daring:  
And we can, now, discharge the heavy Debt!  
I will not Sleep, till that Account be clear'd.

*Gwen.* The *Romans*, Sir, have prov'd your Indignation.  
Be, then, appeas'd: Nor, urge the Foe too far.  
Let not your Anger, — just indeed, as great, —  
Yet, let it not be call'd a desperate Rage.

*Van.* Most desperate to my Foes! — It, ever, was —  
I will approve myself sincere, throughout;  
In Enmity unwearied as in Friendship. —

Thou hast been treated most despihtfully!  
And, for thy Father's sake.

*Gwen.* I have forgiven  
The Malice of the Queen: Do you forgive,

*Van.* I will, when I have punish'd.

*Gwen.* You have punish'd.

The Forfeit of a Crown; the Sense of Shame;  
Her conscious Guilt; is ample Punishment.

Let me intreat, let me assuage your Anger.

*Van.*

*Van.* Be not disquieted. — Our Foes are baffled:  
*Yvor* has frustrated their last Resource.

This Day shall put an End to all thy Fears.

*Yvor.* The least Alarm, a counterfeit Assault,  
 Will fright them from their Camp. — There is no Danger.

*Gwen.* I hope, — I will believe, — I will petition,  
 Devoutly will I pray, there be no Danger! —  
 And Thee, *Adrasle*, Virgin of my Worship;  
 Chaste Goddess, to whom Victory belongs;  
 To whom I pledg'd a Vow, for *Yvor*'s Safety;  
 Thee will I thank, this Morning, in thy Temple:  
 And, every Morning of my Life, shalt thou  
 Receive my grateful Vows: — For, thou hast granted  
 Victory to *Yvor*! —

*Van.* Thy Piety  
 Assures us of Success; —

*Yvor.* And, every Blessing!

*Gwen.* When I return; —

*Yvor.* Till then, am I impatient.

*Gwen.* My Father's Heart, perhaps, may be inclin'd  
 To Peace.

*Van.* Be not dismay'd, my Darling. — *Ebranc*;  
 Do you attend the Princess, with a Guard.  
 Not that, we fear; though deep within the Forest,  
 Darken'd with spreading Oaks, the Temple stands,  
 But, the quail'd Foe scarce think themselves secure,  
 Though hemm'd with Rampiers; weak Defence of  
 Dastards!

*Yvor.* A short, a fond adieu; my Fair Delight!

*Gwen.*



*Gwen.* I will not make my Absence long; like You.

*Yvor.* Kindest Reproach!

*Gwen.* Indeed I mean it kind.

*Yvor.* It is most kind!

*Van.* Heaven speed thy Vows, my Child!



SCENE IX.

Yvor, Vanoc.

*Van.* How say you, Prince? — Can you, one Battle more,  
Support; a double Toil; before you sleep? —  
And take these *Romans* at a Disadvantage?

*Yvor.* I can. — I like it!

*Van.* So shall we compleat  
The Labour of the Day; and ratify  
Our past Successes.

*Yvor.* And, thus, send their new  
Lieutenant back, as speedy as he came.

*Van.* Let us, then to the Camp: — The Time is precious.

*Yvor.* Your Captains, Sir, are soon prepared for Action.

*Van.* We need not lavish Hours in wordy Periods;  
As do the *Romans*, ere they dare to fight. —  
Point out the Foe; —

*Yvor.* Fall on, brave *Britons*! —

*Van.* Ay! —

Such is the manly Eloquence, We use.

When

When we have made our Resolutions known,  
We will return; and cheer up *Gwendolen*: —  
Then to the Foe! —

*Yvor*. And strike a Terror, heightened by Surprise!

*Van*. Thy wakeful Spirit does endear thee to me :  
To Morrow, shalt thou have more pleasing Cares.  
Remember, *Yvor*, that a Soldier's Task  
Admits no Rest ; while aught remains, unfinish'd.  
The fiery Eye of War is vigilant ;  
And marks the Sloathful out, and the Unwary.

Catch every swift Occasion, as it flies:  
On one Success, still, let another rise ;  
On that, another, yet : Till all be done,  
Till no more Battles can be lost, or won.

*The End of the Second Act.*



ACT.



ACT III. SCENE I.

*The SCENE continues.*

*Yvor alone.*



TERN, but indulgent, is the Soul of  
*Vanot* ;

Full of paternal Care. — Left *Gwendolen*  
Should give her Heart to Fears; go Prince,  
he said:

When she returns, let us not, both be absent.

Tender, complying, timid; — Such her Nature:  
Sweet, placid, Virgin-like Affections, all !  
Soft, as the Breath of Spring, that fannes the Trees ;  
Nor shakes the slightest Blossom to the Ground.

The Chieftains, call'd to Council, are agreed ;  
Applaud the King ; and burn to be engaged.  
This, fairest Princess, is a Day of War.  
The next, and next to that, and every Day,

While

36      *The* BRITON.

While we have Days to count, belongs to Us ;  
To Thee, my *Gwendolen*, and to thy *Yvor* !

I, now, begin to think, thy Absence tedious.  
Come, to such Welcome, as thou gav'st to Me !



SCENE II.

*Yvor, Alan.*

*Yvor.* Before we talk of Business; if thou lov'st me,  
Haste, *Alan*, to the Temple : — Say, that *Yvor* —

*Alan.* Alas! The Princess —

*Yvor.* How!

*Alan.* She is a Captive : —

Born off : — A Prisoner in the *Roman* Camp.

*Yvor.* A Prisoner; say you? — But it cannot be. —  
A Captive? — Speak : — Whence, this Intelligence?  
Some idle Rumour ! — *Ebranc* was her Guard.

Do not dally with my Fondness.

*Alan.* *Ebranc* did all, that Man could do, to save her.

A Band of *Romans*, Part (it is suppos'd)  
Of the main Body sent, too late, to succour  
The *Caledonian* Troops; as back they came,  
Skirting within the Wood, espied the Princess,  
Then returning; and bore away their Prize.

The trusty *Ebranc* fell in her Defence.

A Soldier, scaping; has inform'd the King.

*Yvor.* It is enough!

*Alan.*



*The* BRITON. 37

*Alan.* Why do you droop? Why, speechless? Why,  
my Prince,

That sadden'd Brow; that settled Look of Woe?

You must not nourish, thus, a silent Sorrow. —

Never, have I beheld you thus, before! —

This is too much! Oh, speak! — and be reliev'd. —

That Groan exceeds your Silence!

*Yvor.* I am wretched.

*Alan.* Why will you boad such Ills? Why, quit your  
Hopes,

To nurse Despair? And, on the first alarm,

Abandon Reason?

*Yvor.* Thou hast quite unman'd me! —

But, *Yvor* has no farther Use for Reason:

I give it up; resign each Faculty:

The Power of Recollection is my Torment.

Alas, what Relish can I have for Life?

What Vertue, what Ambition, can awake

My Soul to Action? — I renounce, I curse,

My Victory; my Bane: Pernicious Conquest!

Now, let the *Romans* take what I possess: —

The Island let them take! — A little Cave

Suffices me, to grieve! — A while, to grieve;

And, then, to die forgotten! — Or if mention'd,

Known, only, for my most disastrous Love!

*Alan.* Your Words afflict me: — Talk not thus, my  
Prince

*Yvor.* O I must talk! — Do not forbid, but hear me: —

And, I must talk of *Gwendolen*, — And *Yvor*!

Names, never to be spoken of, asunder.

The Heart of Man cannot conceive the Love,  
 I bore to *Gwendolen*! — I did not know,  
 Not half, the excessive Measure of my Fondness.  
 She was, — Alas, what was she not, to Me,  
 When she was mine! — In Her did I rejoice,  
 For Her I liv'd; for Her, alone, I fought.

*Alan.* Fight for her still, and win her from the *Romans*.

*Yvor.* To Death will I pursue the Ravishers:  
 Inflict worse Vengeance, than the Scourge of War;  
 And torture Them, — as they now torture Me!

Though *Vanoc* should relent, I never can:  
 His Injuries are light, compar'd to mine!

My People, sure, will never tamely bear  
 To see their Prince, a Wretch! — Though I should fall,  
 They will avenge me. — Thou, *Alan*, wilt avenge me.

*Alan.* Now, are you Man, again! — I did forbear  
 To stop your Flow of Grief: — But, will assist  
 Your Rage,

*Yvor.* I feel my Resolution rise.  
 My Strength returns: It springs! — Through every Nerve,  
 My Spirits swell! — Single, methinks, I drive  
 The Foe! —

*Alan.* They shall not, long, detain the Princess.

*Yvor.* Say that again, my Friend! Accomplish that;  
 And I am blest! — Give me back *Gwendolen*,  
 And, in the meanest Cottage, I am happy. —  
 Her Soul is rais'd above the Pride of Life!

But, thou would'st fain beguile my Care: And fain  
 Would I deceive myself. — Too flattering Hope! —  
 I never shall behold the Princess more.

*Didius*

*Didius* will know the Value of his Prize.  
 He will, himself, be smitten with such Beauty:  
 Or if, to *Rome*, he send the lovely Captive;  
 What costlier Present can he make to *Claudius*?  
 His wide-spread Empire, the whole World, contains  
 Nothing, so rare!—She is surpassing Fair!—  
 The Eye, that does beho'd; the Ear, that hears her,  
 The Eye, the Ear, the Soul throughout, is ravish'd!  
 No, *Alan*; I shall never see her more.—

*Alan*. These are the Fears of Love.

*Yvor*. They are such Fears,  
 As give my Heart no Respite from Despair.

I am not wont to be alarm'd.—What, then,  
 Must *Gwendolen* have suffer'd, from her Fears,  
 When I was absent, in the midst of Dangers!

*Alan*. In either Sex, true Love is truly anxious.

*Yvor*. In all my Heart, I do not find one Hope,  
 That is not kill'd with Fear.

*Alan*. But, see the King:—  
 His Spirit never faints.

*Yvor*. He is no Lover.



### SCENE III.

*Yvor*, *Alan*, *Vanoc*.

*Yvor*. O Sir,—my Father!—But, no more, a Father!—  
 You gave your Daughter to me;—I have lost her.  
 She is no longer mine;—No longer yours.

Our only Joy, our Hope, our Care, our Comfort,  
Is ravish'd from us! — How can we live without her?

*Van.* The Foe is weak : Our Cause is just. — What more  
Can we desire ; or, can the Gods bestow ?  
Have they not given us Earnest of Success ?

Be not disconsolate, my Son.

*Rvor.* That Name,

That Blessing, Sir, belongs to me, no more !

*Van.* This momentary Parting, when we meet, —

*Rvor.* When we do meet ! — Oh, when ! —

*Van.* As soon, we shall ;

Will turn to double Gladness.

*Rvor.* O, it is

A painful, — doubtful, — endless, Length of Time !

Wretch, that I am ! — Unthinking in my Love ;  
Not to foresee the Danger ! — Oh, my Folly !

Unhallow'd, blasted, be the Oaks, that shade  
The Temple ! — O, *Adrasle* ! Give me back

My *Gwendolen* ; or, take thy Victory !

Most fatal Boon ; the Source of my Misfortunes !

*Van.* Be not impatient, Prince.

*Rvor.* Oh, Sir ; myself,

I should have gone, her Guard ! — I should have died !

*Van.* Old *Ebranc* fought it stoutly, to the last ! —

He sold their Captive dear. An hundred Lives,

And more, she cost. — And, yet, each Life, they have,

Will we demand : — They are my Daughter's Ransom.

*Rvor.* Their Empire were too poor a Price !

*Van.* From hence,

We will remove it. — *Alan* ; I am griev'd,

That



That *Ebranc* liv'd not, to enjoy our Favour.  
But the Command, he held, we give his Son.  
Of this, do you inform him.



SCENE IV.

Yvor, Vanoc.

*Van. Yvor, Thy Love*

I must commend:—But, Love with Fortitude.  
This Vertue is the Stay, the Fence of all;  
A Wall of Brass, against the Assaults of Fortune.  
Not, that I count this Disappointment great.  
Where'er my Daughter be, she still is thine:  
Nor, will we live a Day, an Hour, without her.

*Yvor. Prove me with Dangers of the fellest Kind,  
So, I may rest assur'd of Gwendolen;  
Through raging Billows, through destroying Flames,  
I could attempt my Way to come at Her;  
Or, hew my Passage through an armed Host,*

*Van. Thou shalt not find me tardy to her Rescue.  
The News, in Council told; all cry, To Arms!  
Lead on!—We will redeem the Princess!*

*Yvor. She is, indeed, the Favourite of the People:  
When she appears, she glads the Eyes of all!*

*Van. She is their Hope:—That Hope you, Prince,  
confirm.*

From your auspicious Loves, do they expect  
 Their Safety, in a Line of *British* Kings;  
 Who, when we have destroy'd these bold Intruders,  
 Shall rule in Peace, disdaining foreign Customs.

*Yvor.* Your Words have rais'd me from Despair.

*Van.* In Life,

There will be Disappointments. But the Brave,  
 The few, who faint not, when severely try'd,  
 Learn, by opposing, to surmount Disasters.

*Yvor.* So, Fortune, prove my Friend, as I shall dare  
 For *Gwendolen*, and for the Wrongs of *Vanoc*.

*Van.* Through shouting Crowds, I see you Both return,  
 A happy Pair; the Transport of the People.

The Blow we now prepare to strike, at once  
 Ends all our Cares.— My Powers are arm'd. See, yours  
 Be well appointed.— And give strict Command,  
 That all be done, without the Noise of War.

*Yvor.* I am instructed.

*Van.* Ere you can return,  
 Our Chariots shall be ready, to set forward:



## SCENE V.

*Vanoc.*

Not that I do not feel my Child's Affliction;  
 And feel it, with a Mother's Tenderness:

But,

But, *Yvor*, such is thy Anxiety,  
That in Compassion, I dissemble mine. —  
The Day is far advanced. — Who waits? — What, ho!  
My Grooms. —

Amidst thy Sufferings, yet a little Patience;  
And, *Gwendolen*, we come to thy Relief.  
Mean while, the Love of *Valens* is thy Safety.

My Chariot straight; another, for the Prince.  
Store them with Spears; wedge on the keenest Scythes:  
And give us Steeds, that snort against the Foe,  
That paw the Ranks, and rush upon the Javelin;  
Bearing their Crests aloft, amidst the Battle.



S C E N E. VI.

Vanoc, Alan.

*Van.* Thy Business, *Alan*?

*Alan.* A Roman, Sir, — the Tribune *Valens* —

*Van.* What, of him?

*Alan.* Attended by a Party of our Men,  
Desires Admittance.

*Van.* Admittance; — to a Roman! —  
No, *Alan*! — Keep our Palace shut. — No Roman  
Enters here: Were it their Emperor.

*Alan.* He waits. —

*Van.*

*Van.* There let him wait, then. — Bid him to be gone! —

We need no Treating, now !

*Alan.* It shall be done.

*Van.* Yet, hold. — Come back. — Yes, *Alan* ; We will hear him ;

That he may know, how much our Soul contemns  
All Offers, from these Masters of the World.

Conduct him in. — And, *Alan* ; since, in Thee,  
Thy Prince confides ; do Thou remain a Witness  
Of his Words. — Go. —



## SCENE VII.

*Vanoc.*

*Van.* Now for a glozing Speech ;  
Fair Protestations ; specious Marks of Friendship.  
The mean Submissions of ignoble Minds,  
Who rise and sink, as Fortune smiles, or frowns.

SCENE





S C E N E VIII.

Vanoc, Alan, Valens.

*Van.* Now Tribune: —

*Val.* Health to *Vanoc*.

*Van.* Speak your Business.

*Val.* I come not as an Herald, but a Friend:  
And I rejoice, that *Didius* chose out me,  
To greet a Prince, in my Esteem, the foremost.

*Van.* So much for Words. — Now, to your Purpose  
Tribune.

*Val.* Sent by our new Lieutenant, who in *Rome*,  
And since from me, has heard of your Renown;  
I come to offer Peace: To reconcile  
Past Enmities; to strike perpetual Leagues  
With *Vanoc*: Whom our Emperor invites  
To Terms of Friendship; strictest Bonds of Union.

*Van.* We must not hold a Friendship with the *Romans*.

*Val.* Why must you not?

*Van.* Vertue forbids it.

*Val.* Once,  
You thought, our Friendship was your greatest Glory.

*Van.* I thought you honest. — I have been deceiv'd. —  
Would you deceive me twice? No. Tribune; no!  
You sought for War: — Maintain it as you may.

*Val.* Believe me, Prince; your Vehemence of Spirit,  
Prone ever to Extremes, betrays your Judgment.

Would you once coolly reason on our Conduct, —

*Van.* Oh, I have scann'd it thorough! — Night and Day  
I think it over: And I think it base;  
Most infamous! — Let who will judge; — but *Romans!*

Did not my Wife, did not my menial Servant,  
Seducing each the other, both conspire  
Against my Crown, against my Fame, against my Life?  
Did they not levy War, and wage Rebellion?  
And when I would assert my Right and Power,  
As King and Husband; when I would chastise  
Two most abandon'd Wretches: Who, but *Romans*,  
Oppos'd my Justice, and maintain'd their Crimes?

Do I not reason coolly on your Conduct? —  
You have the Art, to gloss the foulest Cause:  
I shew it undisguis'd. — For *Cartismand*,  
The *Romans* stood: The *Britons*, and the Gods,  
Declar'd for *Vanoc*. — Do I argue fairly?

*Val.* At first, the *Romans* did not interpose;  
But griev'd to see their best Allies at Variance.

Indeed, when you turn'd Justice into Rigor,  
And even that Rigor was pursu'd with Fury;  
We undertook to mediate for the Queen;  
And hoped to moderate. —

*Van.* To moderate! —

What would you moderate? My Indignation?  
The just Resentment of a vertuous Mind?

To mediate for the Queen! — You undertook! —  
Wherein concern'd it You? But as you love

To exercise your Insolence! — Are You  
To arbitrate my Wrongs? — Must I ask leave;  
Must I be taught, to govern o'er my Household?  
Am I, then, void of Reason, and of Justice?  
When, in my Family, Offences rise;  
Shall Strangers, saucy Intermeddlers, say,  
Thus far, and thus, are you allow'd to punish?

When I submit to such Indignities;  
When I am tamed to that Degree of Slavery: —  
Make me a Citizen, a Senator of *Rome*;  
To watch, to live upon the Smiles of *Claudius*;  
To give my Wife, my Children, to his Pleasures;  
And sell my Countrey with my Voice for Bread.

*Val.* Prince, you insult, upon this Day's Success.  
You may provoke too far. — But I am cool. —  
I give your Anger scope.

*Van.* Who shall confine it? —

The *Romans*! — Let them rule their Slaves. — I blush,  
That dazzled in my Youth with Ostentation,  
The Trappings of the Men seduced my Vertue.

*Val.* Blush rather, that you are a Slave to Passion;  
Subservient to the Wildness of your Will;  
Which, like a Whirlwind, tears up all your Vertues;  
And gives you not the Leisure to consider.

Did not the *Romans* civilize you?

*Van.* No! —

They brought new Customs, and new Vices over;  
Taught us more Arts, than honest Men require;  
And gave us Wants, that Nature never gave.

*Val.* We found you naked: —

*Van.*

*Val.* And you found us free! —

Now, on my Soul, the Mountain Stag, that springs  
From Height to Height, and bounds along the Plains,  
Nor has a Master to restrain his Course;  
That Mountain Stag would *Vanoc* rather be,  
Than be a Slave! — Much less the Slave of Slaves!

*Val.* Would you be temperate once, and hear me  
out! —

*Van.* Speak Things, that honest Men may hear with  
Temper!

Speak the plain Truth; and varnish not your Crimes!

Say, that you once were virtuous: — Long ago?  
A frugal, hardy People; — like the *Britons*:  
Before you grew thus elegant in Vice,  
And gave your Luxuries the Name of Vertues.

The Civilizers! — The Disturbers, say; —  
The Robbers, the Corrupters of Mankind!  
Proud Vagabonds! who make the World your Home;  
And lord it, where you have no Right.

*Val.* You wrong  
Your Friends, your Benefactors, your Instructors!  
Since you will have the Truth, I speak it out.

Who, but the *Romans*, fashion'd your rude Natures;  
Smooth'd your rough Tempers? Changed you into Men,  
From wild *Barbarians*, Savages in Woods?

*Van.* You changed us into Beasts, most servile Beasts  
To bear your Impositions; your Dominion:  
Taught us, indeed, to cloath, to dwell in Houses,  
To feast, to sleep on Down, to be profuse:



A fine Exchange for Liberty! — What Virtue  
Have you taught?

*Val.* Humanity.

*Van.* Oh, Patience! —

*Val.* Can you disown a Truth, confess'd by All?  
A Praise, a Glory, known in barbarous Climes?

Far as our Legions march, they carry Knowledge;  
The Arts, the Laws, the Discipline of Life.  
Our Conquests are Indulgencies; and We,  
Not Masters, but Protectours of Mankind.

*Van.* Prevaricating, false, — most courteous Tyrants; —  
*Romans!* — Rare Patterns of Humanity!

Came you, then, here, thus far, through Waves, to  
conquer,

To waste, to plunder; out of mere Compassion?  
Is it Humanity that prompts you on  
To ravage the whole Earth: To burn, destroy?  
To raise the Cries of Widows, and of Orphans?  
To lead in Bonds, the generous free-born Princes,  
Who spurn, who fight against your Tyranny?

Happy for us, — and happy for you Spoilers,  
Had your Humanity ne'er reach'd our World! —

It is a Virtue, — (so it seems you call it)

A *Roman* Virtue! that has cost you dear: —

And dearer shall it cost, if *Vanoc* lives. —

Or if we die, we shall leave those behind us.

Who know the Worth of *British* Liberty.

*Val.* I mean not to reproach your Ancestors;

Untaught, uncultivated, as they were:

Inhospitable, full of Ferocity;

Lions in Spirit; cruel beyond Men:

Your Altars reeking oft with human Blood.

Nor will I urge you farther on our Merits.

I come instructed, Sir, to offer Peace:

The Peace, that *Didius* offers, *Valens* sues for.

Propose your Terms; and you will find me forward

To win the General to Compliance;

And to deserve, once more, the Name of Friend.

*Van.* Deliver up the Queen; send back my Daughter:

This done; we may be brought to treat of Peace.

*Val.* Therein the Dignity, the Faith of *Claudius*,  
Would highly suffer.

*Van.* Is, then, the Dignity,

The Faith of *Claudius*, founded on Injustice?

Is it his Glory to protect a Traiteress;

A base, a profligate adulterous Woman?

Fit Emperour, indeed, to govern *Romans*! —

But, *Valens*, let me tell you, the free *Britons*

Would not endure his Sway. — They must have Justice;

And from their Prince do they require it most! —

Nay, they demand it. —

Were I a Villager, the meanest Freeman

In all your State; and *Claudius* should presume, —

Or any *Caesar*, — to abuse his Power,

And authorize enormous Crimes; I would not, —

No! — were his Anger Death, — I could not bear it!

But would oppose him, to my Stretch of Power.

*Val.* In blaming us; in making your Demands,

You do not recollect the Services,

The Debt, we owe to *Cartismand*,

*Van.*

*The* BRITON. 51

*Van.* The Services ; the Debt ! — Notorious Deed ! —  
Her earliest Infamy ; your worst Disgrace !

Not recollect ! O *Caradoc* ! — Thy Prowess,  
Not thy Credulity, be my Example !

Not know your Shame ! — Yes, every *Briton* knows it.  
You triumph'd by a Woman's Perfidy !

*Ostorius* bought the Foe, he could not conquer ;  
Who, else, had conquer'd him, and freed this Island.

*Val.* Impetuous *Briton* ! Partial in your Rage !

*Van.* The Face of *Caradoc*, and Shame of *Cartismand*  
Will ever be remembred through the Land.

Did she not promise Aids ? Invite him to her ?  
Receive him with adulterated Smiles ?

Then bind the brave, believing Man in Chains ;  
And barter with you for the Boast of *Britain* ?

Yet this, your Emperour vainly call'd a Triumph :  
And made a Spectacle of Vertue, thus betray'd !

*Val.* You need not thus, employ your Eloquence :  
We know it all.

*Van.* Yet let me recollect.

Through the wide crowded Streets of *Rome*, behold  
The Warriour walk, Majestick in his Bonds ! —

In the full Senate, now, he stands undaunted ;  
An aged, awful, a triumphant Captive !  
His Looks, his Words, appall the robed Assembly ;  
And shake vain-glorious *Claudius* on his Throne.

*Val.* *Claudius* took off his Chains. — Remember that !

*Van.* Then did your Nobles see a Man; a *Briton*!  
The Admiration; the Terroure of the *Romans*.

This is the mighty Debt you owe that Woman.

*Val.* Yet, after this, you married *Cartismand*!

*Van.* I was ambitious. — That I learn'd from You.  
That I did wed with Treachery, and was a Friend  
To *Romans*, is the whole Reproach of *Vanoc*.

But they and she, combin'd, have clear'd my Honour!  
And, when I stain it, by forgiving Eisher;  
Let my own Subjects brand me for a Coward.

*Val.* Talk not of Honour, Prince! — An empty Sound,  
The Vaunting of a *Briton* in his Choler! —  
To me, at least, you should have spar'd the Boast.

You can renounce your Word, we know, at Pleasure;  
Forget past Services, worn Marks of Kindness:  
Then quarrel with your Friends, to free the Debt;  
And sacrifice all Faith to your Resentments.

*Van.* This Accusation I can hear unmov'd:  
It sullies not my Soul, nor taints my Fame.  
It is a Slander; I expect no better.

*Val.* Do I calumniate then? — Ungateful *Vanoc*! —  
Perfidious Prince! — Is it a Calumny  
To say, that *Gwendolen*, betroth'd to *Tvor*,  
Was, by her Father, first assur'd to *Valens*?

By solemn Promises you made her mine;  
And I, by faithful Services deserv'd her.

What have I done, to merit this Injustice?

*Van.* Then *Valens* was our Friend.

*Val.* I never was  
Your Foe. — Urge not that weak Defence. — You know,  
How



How much my Heart approv'd your Cause in secret;  
How I remonstrated against the War;  
How I abhorr'd the Conduct of the Queen!

What did I not for you? — Through my Persuasion,  
How often did *Ostorius* proffer Peace?

*Van.* When I had worsted him, and kept the Field;  
Which still I keep, Thanks to the valiant *Tvor*.

*Val.* I once did think the Word of *Vanoc* sacred. —  
You may confirm it still.

*Van.* Where it is due,  
It shall not fail. — You never were my Foe: —  
Those are your Words. — Yet when *Ostorius* died,  
And the Command devolv'd on you alone;  
You fought for *Cartismand*. — My Daughter! — No! —  
Were it to save her Life, she should not wed  
A *Roman*.

*Val.* Then hear me, — proud *Cornavian*! —  
Unthinking Prince; I take you at your Word:  
Nor shall you forfeit it a second Time.  
She shall not wed; she shall not be a Wife:  
But she shall be a Slave; — And to a *Roman*!  
The wretched Mother shall she be of Slaves;  
And live to curse her Offspring, and her Father!

I will not ask your Leave, to use my Captive,  
As I please: — She is my Right, my Property.  
We thank you, that there needs no farther Courtship.  
I can command her; and she must comply.

Fortune is just: — What you refuse, she gives;  
And *Vanoc* suffers, for his Breach of Promise.

*Van.* Hence Menacer! — Nor tempt me into Rage.—  
This Roof protects thy Rashness. — But be gone! —  
I cannot answer for mine Indignation.

If thou should'st dare to violate my Child;  
Or but pollute her Cheek, with one rude Kiss:  
What heavy Vengeance shall I not require! —  
Nor Man, nor Woman, nor the new-born Infant,  
Nor any Thing that's *Roman*, will I spare;  
But in the Bitterness of Wrath destroy.

And for thy lewd, ill-manner'd Threats, remember,  
That I henceforward, do abjure all Peace:  
Nor shall you buy my Friendship with your Empire.  
Away! — *Alan*, conduct the Tribune forth: —  
And let him pass unquestion'd.



## S C E N E IX.

*Alan, Valens.*

*Val.* Soldier, come.

The King is much incens'd. — Alas! he knows not  
How far a Lover's Tongue belies his Heart! —  
Mine are fond Menaces; the Throws of Love.

O *Gwendolen*, amidst thy Charms secure,  
Still dost thou reign, whatever I endure.  
Thy Beauty and thy Innocence, combin'd,  
At once enflame, and over-awe, the Mind.

*The End of the Third Act.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Pavilion of the General, in the Roman Camp.*

Didius.



HIS beauteous Captive is our Pledge of Peace.

If *Valens* rightly judges of the Father;  
His fond Affection may o'er-rule his  
Rage.



SCENE II.

Didius, Cartilmand.

*Cart.* Where is my Foe? This Stranger; this Betrayer?—  
Stand off. — I will have Entrance. — Have I found you?  
*Deceitful Roman!* —

*Didius.* Madam! —

*Cart.* —

*Cart.* Did you, then, think  
To perpetrate this Fraud ; and I not know it?  
Is not the Death of *Vellokad* enough ;  
Sufficient Woe to combat in one Day?  
But you, to finish my Distress, must give  
Me, widow'd, to the Rage of that Usurper?  
Is this your boasted Faith to your Allies?

*Did.* I stand confounded!

*Cart.* Must I explain your Guilt?  
Go, base Dissembler; cool in studied Wiles!  
Practis'd in Arts, that we disdain. —  
Do you not treat with *Vanoc*, now? And treat  
To my Undoing?

*Did.* Unjust Suspicion!

*Cart.* Is not your Tribune gone; dispatch'd in Secret?  
A private Herald, to my deadliest Foe?

Why was not I consulted? — Know you not,  
That *Vanoc* is implacable to me?  
However you agree ; I will not stoop  
To Terms from him! — But, there can be no Terms!  
The *Romans* may have Peace ; but not with Both.

*Did.* Till I am better known, I can excuse  
This Jealousy.

*Cart.* Is it not manifest?  
I know the Price, you pay for *Vanoc's* Friendship:  
It will not be refus'd. — Do, General; do!  
Give up the Queen, who gave up *Carador* ;  
And, expiate my Folly, by your Falshood.

But, *Didius*, I will disappoint your Malice:  
You shall not send me living to the Tyrant.

And,



And, e'er I die, I may commit a Deed,  
A Vengeance of such Note, on my Betrayers;  
That even *Vanoc* shall applaud my Daring.

*Did.* Accuse me not, if I forbore to add  
Unnecessary Cares to your Affliction:

...as tender of the Doubts and Fears,  
Which, in a Female Breast, are too prevailing.

*Cart.* Mistaken Man; presume not on my Sex!

Am I unfit to share in all your Counsels?

Or, Is this Treaty no Concern of mine?

What? Do you take me for a *Roman* Matron;

Bred tamely to the Spindle and the Loom?

Are these the Business of a *British* Queen?

A Woman, train'd to Arms; to Empire born;

Redoubted, far! — *Ostorius* knew me better. —

I am not us'd to such unworthy Treatment!

*Did.* Once hear me: Then, upbraid me, as I merit.

*Cart.* What more could I have done to serve these

*Romans*?

But, let it pass! — Adversity is friendless. —

It wrings my Soul. — Deserted at my Need! —

And yet I stood their Friend, when they were helpless! —

Ungrateful Men! — A Nation of Deceivers! —

O, it is plain! — *Claudius* himself deceives me! —

It was contriv'd! — You came instructed hither,

To make a Sacrifice of *Cartismand*:

Else, had you brought Supplies from *Gaul*. — You knew

Our weak Condition, and the Strength of *Vanoc*.

If I am thus betray'd, what Leagues can bind you?

*Did.*

*Did.* How, Princess, shall I answer to this Rage?  
Or, must I give it way; as to a Torrent,  
When sudden Rains assist its Fury?

*Cart.* Oh,  
For Words, that carry Death! — Mine have no Force;  
Not Power to stir the Guilty.

*Did.* Forbear a while.  
Let *Valens* come: And judge, from his Report,  
The Extravagance of your Conjectures.

*Cart.* No!  
That you confide in *Valens*, is my Ruin.  
I know his Treachery, and the Reward. —

*Did.* See where he comes. — But hear him out with  
Temper.



### S C E N E. III.

Didius, Cartismand, Valens.

*Did.* Here, *Valens*, in the Presence of the Queen,  
Declare the Purport of your Interview;  
Your whole Discourse with *Vanoc*.

*Cart.* Tribune, speak.

*Val.* His haughty Soul rejects our proffer'd Friendship;  
Denounces War; and bids us bold Defiance.

*Cart.* Thanks to his Pride, that frustrates your In-  
tentions.

*Did.*

*Did.* But, made he no Proposals?

*Cart.* What Proposals!—

Would you, then, poorly supplicate—

*Did.* Not so.—

*Valens*, Proceed.

*Val.* Deliver up the Queen,

He said;—

*Did.* The Queen!

*Val.* Send back my Daughter: This  
Perform'd, We may be brought to treat of Peace,

*Did.* Most insolent Demand!

*Cart.* You know not *Vanoc*.

No less did I expect from his Presumption,  
Hence, all my Jealousy.

*Did.* Have worthier Thoughts  
Of us.

*Cart.* Forgive a Woman's busy Fears.—I know  
The Pride, the Rage, the Rancor of his Soul!  
He will not be appeas'd, but with my Blood.

*Did.* Give up the Queen!—Insulting Britons; No!

The farther we extend our Power, the more  
Is *Rome* oblig'd to cherish her Allies.

This Maxim, the *Palladium* of the State,

This, Vertue, only, can secure our Greatness.

We shall not deprecate the Rage of *Vanoc*,  
Nor dread his Enmity.—And, be assur'd,  
The *Roman* State will send new Legions over,  
Employ her utmost Power to save her Friends,  
And quell the stubborn refractory Foe.

*Cart.*

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*Cart.* Subdue, destroy, avenge me of, this Man;  
Avenge yourself, maintain your Emperour's Glory;  
And take my Diadem: I give it freely.

Let him be wretched first; and let him know,  
That I am Author of his Misery:

It matters not, what Torments I endure.

*Did.* We must proceed with Caution; gaining Time.

*Val.* It were a Rashness, now, to risque a Battel.

*Cart. Didius*, to you I leave the War.— But treat no  
more.

For, he has vow'd Destruction to the *Romans*.

*Did.* He shall not give the Law: Nor you complain  
Of *Roman* Faith.—

*Cart.* Nor you of *Cartismand*.

Now, rash *Cornavian*, learn to dread a Woman,

Henceforth, my Vengeance shall be vigilant;

Nor, shall my Heart recoil at any Deed.

That may afflict thy Soul.— Now I return,

With Comfort, to my drooping, faithful Soldiers.



SCENE IV.

*Didius*, *Valens*.

*Did.* What a tempestuous Spirit!—

*Val.* Turbulent

As *Hyperborean* Seas!

*Did.*



*Did.* I summon'd all  
The Force of Reason to my Aid; and yet,  
With Pain could I support her jealous Outrage.

*Val.* Such is the Nature of these Islanders.  
But when, through Time, they shall be civiliz'd,  
This native Fierceness (like *Falernian* Wine,  
Mellow with Age) will ripen into Vertue.

*Did.* *Valens*, this *Briton* over-rates his Power:  
Though we are not to think too lightly of him:  
The meanest Foe, contemn'd, may overcome.

*Val.* Three Victories, obtain'd without Repulse,  
Have swell'd his Hopes into a Confidence.  
Mean time his ardent Spirit does not cool;  
And, *Cæsar* like, he sleeps not on his Conquests.

*Did.* This Night I purpose to remove our Camp;  
Retreating still, as he pursues: Till we  
Can turn upon him, with superiour Powers.

*Val.* Thus flush'd, he thinks his captive Daughter safe;  
And that he may reclaim her at his Pleasure.

*Did.* She is exceeding beautiful: A Prize,  
That, in my younger Years, I should have valued,  
Beyond a Triumph o'er an *Eastern* King.

— *Val.* A matchless Beauty! — Even here in *Britain*,  
Where Women most excell in Bloom and Feature,  
She is allow'd the fairest of her Sex.

Then she is vertuous, Sir, as she is fair!  
All Gentleness, and harmless as the Turtle.

*Did.* She shall be kindly entertain'd. To you  
I recommend that Care. Soften her Fears:  
Make her Confinement easy: Let her have

Attendance, suiting to her Rank. — See *Valens*,  
Where she comes. — I leave you: And, while You  
Impart her Father's Resolutions, will dispatch  
A Messenger to *Gaul*, for speedy Succours.



## S C E N E V.

*Valens*.

*Val*. O *Didius*, were I to reveal my Passion,  
But half my Love; thou might'st suspect my Vertue!



## S C E N E VI.

*Valens*, *Gwendolen*.

*Gwen*. *Valens*, excuse the Impatience of a Heart  
Perplex'd with Doubts. — I long'd for your Return. —  
Did you succeed? — What Comfort do you bring  
To my Distress? — Or, Am I quite forlorn?

*Val*. Why, fairest Princess, this dejected Mien;  
These anxious Thoughts? — Give up your Care to me.  
Where *Valens* is, you cannot be forlorn.

*Gwen*. O say; inform me! — Is my Father yet  
Inclin'd to Peace? — What Answer did he give?

*Val*.

*Val.* What you will grieve to hear.

*Gwen.* Alas, My Fears!

*Val.* More obstinate than ever, more enrag'd,  
He has renounced all Friendship with the *Romans*.

*Gwen.* O, my hard Fate! —

*Val.* Let me forbid those Tears.

*Gwen.* Yet, I did hope, my hapless sad Condition  
Might have prevail'd o'er all his Injuries. —

But they are grievous Wrongs! — And call for Ven-  
geance: —

If there are Wrongs that cannot be forgiven.

*Val.* I curse the guilty Cause of his Resentment.

*Gwen.* Yet she offends; and I am punish'd. —

*Val.* No:

It must not be. — Bid every Fear adieu:

And think, that you are now the Care of *Valens*.

Whatever be the Issue of this War;

No Danger, no Disquiet shall approach you.

Mean time, no Captive, but a welcome Guest,

Here shall you reign admir'd; the Queen of Beauty:

Here shall you live, as in your Father's Palace;

Nor dread the Frowns of that imperious Woman.

*Gwen.* Alas, what have you said! — Here shall I live! —

Oh, *Valens*; this is no abiding Place.

Already have I liv'd a weary Time;

And lengthen'd every Minute with my Sighs.

*Val.* What then have I endured! — Revolving Moons:

Divided from your Presence; from my Bliss.

And, do you wish already to be gone!

And, can you not allow me one short Day.

One Hour to renew my ardent Vows,  
 And breathe my tender Sighs once more, before you?  
 Those Sighs, that nightly fill my silent Tent,  
 And keep me waking on my lonely Couch.

Consider, *Gwendolen*, my lasting Passion;  
 A Passion, that, through Time, takes deeper Root;  
 A Love, that, spight of Absenc:, hourly grows;  
 In spight even of Despair: — Yet, will I not  
 Despair; since Fortune favours thus my Hopes.

*Gwen.* Good *Valens*, say no more. — Oh, send me hence!  
 Home to my Father, send me. —

*Val.* And to *Yvor*. —

No, Princess; — when I do, I must not love you.  
 In vain you ask; what I can never grant.

*Gwen.* Will *Valens* make me wretched? —

*Val.* Cruel Fair! —

*Gwen.* How have I been deceiv'd! — I thought to find  
 A Friend in you. — How often have you sworn,  
 That you would suffer all Extremes, e'er I  
 Should feel a Misery; a transient Pain?  
 And do You study to prolong my Woe;  
 A Woe, too heavy to support, and live!

*Val.* Your Happiness shall be my tenderest Care.

*Gwen.* Restore me then; —

*Val.* It is not in my Power, —

*Gwen.* To *Yvor*, to myself, restore me; —

*Val.* To my Rival! —

*Gwen.* And I shall live to praise, to blest your Friendship,  
 And cherish your Remembrance, in my grateful Heart.

*Val.*



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*Val.* Distracting Thought! — My Hope, and my Despair! —

What to resolve! — But, how can I resolve?  
Or, how sustain this Conflict in my Soul? —  
And, must I yield? — And must you be obey'd? —

*Gwen.* O, generous *Roman*!

*Val.* But it will not be! —

No, *Gwendolen*; I cannot let you go.  
It would convince you, that I never lov'd.

*Gwen.* Then let me die, and finish my Affliction.

When it shall be too late, your Cruelty  
Will turn to Lamentation, o'er a Princess,  
Who, but for *Valens*, might have liv'd, most happy;  
Blest, above Womankind! —

*Val.* What can I do! —

I would, — and I would not detain you. — Go. —  
But not with my Consent! — But, whither go you? —  
Not to *Vanoct*. — O, that belov'd *Silurian*! —  
To him I will not, — Oh, I cannot send you.

*Gwen.* From him I cannot live. — Good, gentle *Valens*; —

The Prince, my Father, — every gallant *Briton*, —  
Nay, every *Roman*, — all, but *Cartismand*,  
Will praise the Greatness of your Resolution.

The generous Deed would overcome my Father;  
And bring you Peace.

*Val.* First let me die in War;  
E'er I consent to forfeit all my Hopes! —  
And yet, whate'er I do, my Hopes are blasted.

That this fierce Combat in my Heart were over! —  
Which way shall I decide the cruel Contest?

Perplexing Strife! — Some God determine for me!

Assist me, Princess; — Save me from Distraction. —  
I would restore your Quiet, — And my own.

Deal gently with your Slave: — Allow me Time;  
Some Days, to recollect my scatter'd Reason,  
And wean my dearest, my most hopeless, Love!

*Gwen*. O, *Yvor*! — Can I multiply thy Sufferings?  
Or, give away one Moment of thy Quiet?

*Val*. Ungrateful Maid! — E'er he beheld your Charms,  
I lov'd through Years! — And I am thus despis'd? —  
Not grant a Day! — Not sooth my Pains a Moment! —  
I see my easy Nature is abus'd.

*Gwen*. Witness, these Tears; —

*Val*. They are not shed for Me.

— What Right has *Yvor*, more than *Valens*? — Mine  
Is an elder Claim: — Sooner will I die,  
Than give it up. — *Vanoc*, you know,  
Approv'd my Love. — Confiding in his Word,  
Day after Day, I cherish'd my fond Hopes;  
Indulg'd my thriving Passion, till it grew  
Too strong to be controll'd. — And, shall I now  
Decree my own sad Doom? And, shall I now  
Renounce my just Pretensions; and assist  
Your Father to accomplish his Injustice?

*Gwen*. Alas; am I to blame? — I never lov'd,  
I never gave you hope.

*Val*. Through Length of Time,  
Through Constancy, that triumphs over Time,

You

You might have lov'd. — But, Princess, place your Love  
On whom you please; you shall not wed another.

*Gwen.* Oh, can you tear me from my plighted Lord!  
Sever Two Hearts, that never lov'd before;  
That cannot love again: — For ever join'd!

Had, once, my Virgin Love been plac'd on You,  
It had prov'd lasting, as it is to *Yvor*.

*Val.* Enough! — It is too much! — Insulting Cap-  
tive! —

Your open Scorn, unmerited Disdain,  
Makes me most desperate; and turns my Love,  
My slighted Goodness, into Indignation.

*Gwen.* You are my Friend; you, only, my Pro-  
tectour. —

Why should you thus alarm a helpless Virgin?  
A Princess, who relies upon your Goodness?

*Val.* We know the Rights of War. —

*Gwen.* Oh, kill me not.

I am unfortunate; — But, not unkind.

*Val.* Most cruel! — Not to let me hope a while! —  
But, I will make you desperate as my Self.

*Gwen.* Is my Sincerity a Crime? — Alas, what Hope  
Have I to give? — What shew of Love? — Indeed, —

*Val.* I shall not ask it more. — Your Tears are vain,  
As was my Love. —

*Gwen.* Let me conjure you, *Valens*, —

*Val.* You see, I now can smile at your Displeasure;  
Can pain You in my Turn; and make You feel  
The Torments of a disappointed Love.

*Gwen.* Inhuman Tribune!

*Val.*

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*Val.* Nay, to *Cartismand*  
Will I resign you.

*Gwen.* Then I am lost indeed.

*Val.* For ever lost to *Yvor*.

When next we meet; you may perhaps repent  
Of your Disdain.

*Gwen.* Oh, leave me not, in Anger! —  
Have you no Pity, then?

*Val.* I learn from You. —

Guards, to her Tent, conduct the Princess.

*Gwen.* Stay : —

Oh, Stay! —



S C E N E VII.

Gwendolen.

Hard-hearted Man! — He will not hear me.  
Now, *Yvor*; now, are we compleatly wretched —  
That vengeful Woman! — Oh, my gathering Terroures! —  
How to support my Anguish, unassisted!  
Unbefriended! — destitute of Comfort! —

But, though my Fears, like rising Floods, prevail,  
And my weak Heart, on every Side, assail;  
Through all Distresses, *Yvor*, will I prove  
Still true to Thee; unshaken in my Love.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

A C T.





ACT V. SCENE I.

*The SCENE continues.*

Valens, Idwall.

VALENS.



WOM seek you, *Idwall*? The General?

*Id.* You, *Valens*; —

And, to disclose a Secret, may deserve  
Your kindest Thanks.

*Val.* I doubt not of your Friendship:  
But, what fresh Instance of it?

*Id.* In your Love,  
Your dearest Interest, am I come to serve you.

*Val.* Alas, my Friend! — Would it might be! — But, say:  
How can'st thou serve me, in my Love?

*Id.* Know then;  
The Queen, enraged at the Demand of *Vanoe*.  
Resolves to claim your Captive from you: —

*Val.* How!

*Id.*

*Id.* The Princess, for her Prisoner! — This obtain'd;  
I fear the Event.

*Val.* It strikes my Soul with Horror!

*Id.* She is too young, too good, too innocent,  
To suffer: And *Cartismand* too far provok'd,  
To treat her kindly.

*Val.* Oh, the very Fright,  
Were *Gwendolen* to know it, would be fatal.  
Thou dost deserve my best of Thanks,

*Id.* No more.

*Val.* I will preserve her: With my Life, will I  
Preserve the charming Maid! — Though still, I live  
Depriv'd of Hope; abandon'd to Despair!

*Id.* For Her, Compassion pleads, as strong as Love.

*Val.* Thou art a worthy Soldier.

*Id.* But, the Queen  
May come: — I must be gone.

*Val.* Adieu.



## SCENE II.

Valens.

Alas;

Where, now, are my Resolves! — Do what I can,  
My Tenderneſs prevails. — O, *Gwendolen*;  
How exquisite art thou! — Perfection all! —  
Nor can I blame thy Love. — Too happy *Yew*! —

How

How could I send her hence, oppress'd with Sorrow? —  
Severest Proof of Fondness! — To her Tent,  
This Instant will I hasten: Ask Forgiveness;  
Assuage her Grief, and dissipate her Fears.



SCENE III.

Valens, Cartismand.

*Cart.* Let me not, *Valens*, hinder your Occasions. —  
My Business is to *Didius*.

*Val.* In his Absence  
May *Valens* be intrusted?

*Cart.* My Request,  
Though small in Consequence, were better told  
To Him. — Yet, you may hear it. — But I fear,  
Your Heart may misinterpret my Intentions.

*Val.* Then, Madam, were it kind to disabuse me.

*Cart.* Yet, why do I suppose, you should not wish,  
The Princess were committed to my Care? —

*Didius*, I know, will not refuse it.

*Val.* Madam,  
The General may think, his Captive as secure,  
If she continues under his Protection.

*Cart.* But, she is here, a Stranger; among Men;  
Companionless; and full of Virgin Fears.

My

My Tent would be her Home.—I only ask,  
What Decency requires.—It is my Duty.

*Val.* What Decency requires, shall not be wanting.  
Her Women, her Attendants, shall have free Access.

*Cart.* I should promote Your Love; watch every  
Season;

And teach her to forget all Thoughts of *Yvor*.

*Val.* I read your Purpose, through the thin Disguize.  
Is *Cartismand* no better known?

*Cart.* How, Tribune! —  
Does your malicious Thought pervert my Meaning?

*Val.* Do I not know your Hatred to the Princess? —  
The pitying Gods preserve her from Your Mercy!

*Cart.* Presumptuous Man; thus to arraign my Good-  
ness!

*Val.* Was I not Witness to your cruel Usage?  
When with submissive Gentleness, she bore  
(Beneath her Father's Eye) your bitter Scorn;  
Stifled her Griefs; hid all your Blame in Smiles;  
And interceded for the Wrongs she suffer'd.  
And would you, now, resume your Tyranny;  
Redouble every Anguish in her Soul;  
And, through the harmless Daughter, wound the Father?

*Cart.* Peace, Traytor; peace! — The General shall know  
Thy secret Dealings; thy dishonest Love.  
Thou would'st for *Gwendolen* betray thy Country.  
Thou hast, this very Day, combin'd with *Vanoc*:  
Hast sold us: I perceive it. — But thy Life  
Shall answer for the Treason! —

*Val.*



*Val.* Your Displeasure,  
Your Suspicions concern me not. — To you  
I might appeal, to every *Roman* here,  
To every *Briton*, to acquit my Faith,  
My Loyalty; unblemish'd by my Love.

I own, it was with Pain, I could prefer  
My Duty to my Passion; to such Charms! —  
But, in my early Youth, have I been taught,  
The Love, a brave Man to his Countrey owes,  
Should triumph over every fond Endearment.

*Cart.* Resign the Princess then: — And stand acquitted  
Yours is a thin Disguize; a Boast of Vertue;  
While in your Love, you meditate our Ruin. —  
But why, regardless of my Dignity,  
Do I waste Words? When *Didius* can command;  
Can check your Insolence. —

*Val.* You are a Queen:  
Of high Descent: High seated, once, in Power;  
And join'd in Wedlock, to a noble Prince.  
That you are, now, abandon'd by your Subjects,  
The People's Scorn; is not through our Demerits.

*Cart.* Speak on! And give full Proof, perfidious Wretch,  
Of thy Adherence to the Foes of *Claudius*.  
Declare thy smother'd Treason.

*Val.* Yes; my Heart  
Did ever disapprove your rash Attempt. —

That you had never reign'd, or reign'd more ver-  
tuous! —  
What have I lost; what suffer'd by your Crime!

Accuse My Love! — Accuse your own Dishonour;  
 The Cause of all this War: A War to us,  
 Inglorious. — What could *Vanoc* less? Or, how  
 Can He forgive? — My sharp Despair  
 Will have its Vent. — Was not your *Vellokad*,  
 Your Paramour, your Infamy, — my Curse! —  
 That Man of Dress, the Servant of your Lord?  
 A Prince of such rare Qualities! So eminent! —  
 A juster Prince there lives not! — Nor more injur'd!

*Cart.* Audacious *Roman*! — Thy unruly Tongue  
 Be thy Accuser. — It is evident,  
 What made you fly; to whom you left the Field;  
 To whom you gave a Victory, so cheap!

*Val.* Opprobrious Woman! — What is your Reproach?  
 Your Praise, alas! was never my Ambition.  
 Even all your Merit, howe'er confes'd by *Claudius*,  
 Turns to Disgrace on You. — One Prince betray'd;  
 And one dishonour'd: Both of high Renown;  
 Unmatch'd in *British* Story; have been the Sport  
 Of *Cartismand*, grown wanton in her Power.

*Cart.* Have done! — No farther urge me, on thy  
 Life! —  
 O I could rend my Heart! — Do any Thing! —  
 So low am I declin'd; a Tribune's Scorn!  
 The Mock of Underlings! — My shameful Tears! —  
 But I will have the Prisoner; yes, I will! —  
 Or, woe upon you all! —

SCENE



SCENE IV.

Valens, Cartismand, Didius.

*Cart.* Come General; Come: —

Avenge an injur'd Woman! — Right a Queen?

*Did.* What new Disturbance, Madam? — More Suspicions!

*Cart.* Abusive Treason utter'd! — Spoke aloud —  
Your Tribune, there, betrays us Both! —

*Val.* Injurious Rage! —

*Cart.* He leagues with *Vanoc*: Sells us for his Daughter,

*Did.* *Valens*, explain this Tumult of the Queen.

*Cart.* To him do you appeal? —

*Did.* Inform me, Tribune.

*Val.* She comes, Sir, to demand your Captive from you.

*Cart.* My Subject, *Didius*: — Is she not?

*Did.* My Hostage, *Cartismand*.

*Val.* Her Life would not be safe, could She obtain her.

*Did.* Madam, if this disturbs you; cool, at leisure,  
I am to answer for the Princess. —

*Cart.* Oh,

My Distraction! — Are You smitten too? —

A Blight upon her Charms! Now I perceive,

(Too late, alas!) I live amongst my Foes;

Or, with Allies, too powerful to be just. —

I am controll'd! A Bond-Slave! — Perish first! —

Such Treatment, from the Men. I sav'd! — Endure  
it? — No! —

Rather will I submit to *Vanoc's* Vengeance;  
And make my Ruin fatal to the *Romans*!



## SCENE V.

Valens, Didius:

*Did.* Centurion, there! — Haste to the Captive Princess. —  
Attend her hither. — Go, — return, — with Speed.

*Valens.* We have no Time for Counsel. —

*Val.* Sir! —

*Did.* *Vanoc* and *Yvor*, with united Powers,  
Bear (like a Tide) upon our Camp.

*Val.* I fear'd

Some Enterprize : Though, not so sudden. — See,  
The Princess.



## SCENE VI.

Valens, Didius, Gwendolen.

*Gwen.* O General! O *Valens*! —

What means this hasty Message to me? — Say, —

Am I deliver'd, then, to *Cartismand*?

*Did.*



*Did.* In this Pavilion, Madam, guarded from Her,  
Shall you remain; secure in my Protection.  
Scarce have I Time to say; your Father, now,  
Attempts our Mounds.—

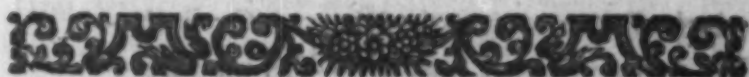
*Gwen.* O Heaven!

*Val.* Be not alarm'd.—  
The General is tender of your Safety.

*Did.* Keep a strict Watch, Centurion. On your Life;  
Forbid all Entrance here; till we return.—  
Princess, compose your Fears.—Come, Tribune; to our  
Posts.

*Val.* It grieves me, *Gwendolen*, to leave you thus;  
Though, here I leave you, unexpos'd to Danger.

Forgive me, Princess:—Pity my Offence.  
When I return, whatever Pangs I suffer,  
You shall be happy.—Even *Yvor* shall confess,  
Your Eyes ne'er kindled up a brighter Flame.



## SCENE VII.

*Gwendolen.*

Unhappy, that I am.—My Cares now take  
A different Cast; and fright me with new Terrors.—  
O *Yvor*!—O, my Father!—Who can tell,  
If ever we shall meet, in Life?—When You are slain;  
In vain, am I preserv'd from *Cartismand*.—

You are not Proof against the Javelin's Point :  
 Nor I, against the Fears, — perhaps the Woes, —  
 The killing Woes of this uncertain Hour. —  
 Oh, 'tis begun! — The *Roman* Trumpet sounds! —  
 Again, the Signal echoes! — Louder still! —  
 My beating Heart! — Now it boads Wounds and  
 Death. —

Let me be gone! — Oh, why am I confin'd? —  
 And, yet amidst the Battel, what can I! —  
 Can these defenseless Tears! — The distant Din  
 I hear confus'd! — That I cou'd be inform'd! —  
 But, oh, forbear! — I dread, alas, to know my Fate. —  
 What wafting Noise? — The *British* Shouts! — Again! —  
 The Shouts of Victory! — Transporting Tumult! —  
 'Tis not Delusion? — Yet; Another Peal! —  
 Auspicious Token! — My Deliverance comes!  
 And thou, *Adrasté*, dost regard my Vows! —  
 What Clash of Weapons? — O defend them now!  
 It is the Prince; — it is the King: — Or Both. —  
 Give way; resist not, *Romans*! — Let me meet —



## SCENE VIII.

Gwendolen, Cartifmand.

*Cart.* Yes; we are met! — And, in Despight of *Valens*,  
*Gwen.* Heaven shield me! —

*Cart.*

*The* BRITON. 79

*Cart.* No Delay.— You must with me.

*Gwen.* Oh, whither must I?

*Cart.* Hence.— Our Hostage now!—

My Men shall guard you, better than the *Romans*.—

*Vanoc* is Master of the Camp.—

*Gwen.* One Moment hear me!—

*Cart.* We must away.— And now, thy boasted Sire  
Shall, soon, resign my Crown; or, thou shalt die.

*Gwen.* I never did offend.

*Cart.* My Chariot waits.—

*Gwen.* Hark!—

*Cart.* My Destruction!— *Vanoc* comes upon me!—

*Gwen.* Most timely Rescue!—

*Cart.* Death to Thee!—

*Gwen.* O spare

My Life!—

*Cart.* I will secure my Vengeance!—

*Gwen.* Mercy!

Help;—speedy Help!—

*Cart.* Thus, *Vanoc*, to Thy Heart,

I drive the Poignard.— Thus, I brave thy Fury!

*Gwen.* Oh,—it is done!—

SCENE



## S C E N E IX.

Gwendolen, Cartismand, Yvor.

*Yvor.* Once more, my *Gwendolen*,  
Receive me! — Take me to thy Arms! — Tumultuous  
Joy! —

We, never more, will part! — The King is safe :—  
And thou, my Fair, art *Yvor's* Bride again!

O, *Yvor*; O! — support me. — I grow faint. —

*Yvor.* Distracting Sight! — Blood, on thy Bosom! —

*Gwen.* Inward,  
I bleed. —

*Yvor.* Where? — When? — How?

*Gwen.* See the murdering Queen! —

*Yvor.* O my disorder'd Senses? — Can it be! —

*Gwen.* E'er you could force your Entrance, —

*Yvor.* Accursed Woman! — Bane of Innocence! —

*Cart.* Remember *Vellokad*! —

*Yvor.* Most cruel Savage! —

But; — *Vanoc* shall award thy Doom. — My *Gwen*,  
*dolen*!

How fares my Love! — My dearest Life! —

*Gwen.* The Sight

Of You delights, — and pains, my wounded Heart. —

Fain would I live. —

*Yvor.*



*Yvor.* Thou shalt live. —

*Gwen.* I cannot bear

To think of — parting from you.

*Yvor.* Name it not! —

*Gwen.* Relentless Fate! I feel the stroke of Death! —

*Yvor.* Oh, thy Cheek turns pale! —

*Gwen.* We are to live again. — Continue mine. —

Through every Life we pass, — let me be Yours.

*Yvor.* O, ever! — Ever mine! —

*Gwen.* Sweet, — pleasing Hope! —

No Jealousy did ever interrupt our Love: —

Nor shall it yield to Death! —

*Yvor.* My Agony! —

Thy Eye-Beams fade! — Oh, *Gwendolen*! —

*Gwen.* My Prince! —

*Yvor.* Revive! What Hope? — I cannot live without thee!

*Gwen.* Live, for our Father's Sake: — And do not grieve, —

Too much. — One Look! — O *Yvor*! — My Desire!

My first, — my latest Love! — a while — farewell.

*Yvor.* Despair and Death! — Quite Speechless! — O, Distraction? —

Here will I fix: — Thus o'er thy dear Remains,

For ever weep; — and waste out Life in wailing.

SCENE



## S C E N E. X.

Cartismand, Yvor, Vanoc.

*Van.* O, where! Where is my Child? My *Gwendolen*? —

The Purchase of our Victory! — O, Horror! —

*Cart.* Bend thy stern Brow on Me! — I did the Deed!

*Van.* Perdition on thee! — But, I stay my Hand! —

Speak, *Yvor*! — Oh, my Daughter! — Dead! —

Breathless, and pale! — O, most accomplish'd Mischief! —



## S C E N E. XI.

Cartismand, Yvor, Vanoc, Alan.

*Van.* Come, *Alan*; come. — See, there! — See my Distress!

Thy Master's Woe! — Behold the bloody Tygres! —

*Cart.* Rave on! — My Vengeance is compleat! — Live wretched!

Reign on, in Sorrow! —

*Van.*

*Van.* O, thy Misery —  
Will I prolong ; and vary it through Life! —

*Cart.* Hadst thou been more forgiving ; — I had been  
Less cruel. —

*Van.* Wickedness ! Barbarian ! Monster —  
What had She done, alas ? — Sweet Innocence ! —  
She would have interceded for thy Crimes.

*Cart.* Too well I knew the Purpose of thy Soul ? —  
Didst thou believe I would submit ? — Resign my Crown ? —  
Or, that Thou, only, hadst the Power to punish ?

*Van.* Yet, I will punish ; — meditate strange Torments ! —  
Then give thee to the Justice of the Gods.

*Cart.* Thus, *Vanoc*, do I mock thy treasur'd Rage. —  
My Heart springs forward, to the Dagger's Point.

*Van.* Quick ; — Wrest it from her ! — Drag her hence to  
Chains.

*Cart.* There needs no second stroke. —  
Adieu, rash Man ! — My Woes are at an End : —  
Thine but begun ; — and lasting as thy Life ! —



## SCENE XII.

Yvor, Varoc, Alan.

*Van.* Lasting, indeed ! That thou hadst been less Guilty ! —  
My Shame not publick ! — And more just the *Romans* ! —  
That my Resentment might have been appeas'd ! —  
O, *Yvor*, Prince ! — Sad Partner of my Woe : —

*Alan.*

*Alan.* Auspicious Morning! — Fatal Close of Day! —

*Van.* Turn here thy streaming Eyes; O, *Yvor*, turn;  
And mingle Tears with mine! —

*Yvor.* Most irksome Life! — But, what is Life to Me? —  
My Sword shall end my Cares, —

*Van.* Forbear, my Son! —  
Already my Affliction is too heavy.

*Yvor.* Not die?

*Van.* Leave that false Vertue to the Romans. —  
Our Injuries, my Daughter's Fate, our Countrey's Cause,  
Bid us to live. — We must not throw off Life; —

But lay it down, when heaven appoints us Rest.

Just Gods! — If my Resentments be too strong;

Or, over-rigid to compensate Wrong: —

Severely you my rash Offence chastise; —

Bereft, in *Gwendolen*, of All, I prize!

*The End of the Fifth Act.*



F I N I S.





